WRITINGS OF

ARTHUR COX (Deceased.)

POEMS BY

BENJAMIN COX.

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Writings of Arthur Cox

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Introduction by

REV. J. W. LIPSEY, M. A.

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This Book is
Affectionately Dedicated
To My Mother.

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To the Reader.

THE majority of my brother's productions contained in this book were taken from the *Regular Baptist*, of Mexico, Mo., and other papers. I present them, together with my poems, to the public with the hope that the mantle of charity will be thrown over all imperfections; and praying that many of Zion's Pilgrims may find here a few crumbs of comfort; also, that some hitherto careless and unconcerned ones may be constrained to pause and reflect upon the instability of all things pertaining to this mundane sphere. May such characters truly see that

"It is not all of life to live,
Nor all of death to die."

The preparation of this memorial volume has been one of the saddest, yet, at the same time, one of the most pleasant duties of my life. Sad, because one has gone who, it seemed, was bound to me by ties almost indissoluble. Pleasant, in that I know of a truth he is, even now, realizing fully the joys of which he discourses in these articles now laid before you.

Nothing akin to egotism prompts me to say that he was one of the best brothers ever given to a man, and I heartily thank God, that during his brief sojourn here we were almost constantly together.

As is already known to many, my brother had just commenced to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ and he assured me many times that he intended to make it the crowning ambition of his life. The finite mind says: "'Tis hard indeed for one to be so suddenly called away who showed so great talent in this and in many other directions." But God, whose ways are as far above ours as the heavens are higher than the earth, knows best. He has but transferred him from labor to repose, from sorrow to joy, from standing watchman-like upon Zion's walls, to singing songs of praise in the New Jerusalem.

Although our hearts are pained because
We'll see him never here again,
Still, blessed truth, we know for sure,
That our sad loss is his great gain.

Dear reader, let us unitedly pray that when the time comes for us to leave this earthly tabernacle, that, by the grace of God, we may be enabled to meet Arthur in the "land that is fairer than day," and there join with him and all the redeemed host in singing anthems of praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost, throughout a blissful eternity.

Most respectfully,

Benjamin Cox.

Introduction.

As men are known by their libraries so the tendencies of their minds may be discovered by their words, spoken or written. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," said Christ. We "know the tree by its fruit." In the present volume the youthful author draws his psychological picture. You read the author in the book. The Sovereignty of God, Free Grace, Regeneration, Assurance, Prayer, Effectual Calling, Thirst for Righteousness, tell the contents of the heart of the deceased. Every article shows complete consecration to God. The highest act of man's life is implicit loyalty to creative power. He who yields to God is in harmony with all that is good. The key to this book is an abiding faith in a merciful Father and a crucified Redeemer. The author joins hands heartily with Job in the expression, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." As the thoughtful reader ponders these pages he will see the lights along the dark paths of this world which lead to heaven.

For one of his age the author was fast coming to the front. His piety, natural abilities, social qualities and earnest

devotion to science, literature and theology, would have qualified him in a few years to have been classed in the front ranks of the most intelligent and the most useful men of his day. But a Sovereign and merciful Father saw fit to change the human prospect of a bright youth into an early and heavenly possession. God never makes things worse for his children. It is better to be with Christ in the spirit world than a philosopher and a theologian on earth.

This volume, though not intended by the author, is an unexpected monument erected among his many surviving friends. "Though dead he yet speaketh." The book will be the more highly appreciated by those who knew him best. The poems by the surviving brother, Benjamin Cox, which are contained in this volume, will be read with pleasure by many. "The New Jerusalem," "Three Captives," "To my Mother," "To my Father," "Two Prayers," and others, will not fail to interest the readers.

May the blessings of the Lord rest on the book.

REV. J. W. LIPSEY, M. A.

Lonoke, Ark., Feb. 16, 1894.

Tribute to Arthur Cox.

THE young may die, the old must, said one of old, and yet ofttimes the saying is changed and the physician turns himself from the bedside of the young with the painful verdict, "He must die." Thus it was when after fearful inroads had been made upon his system, when human skill and human sympathy had spent itself in vain, the physicians were forced to announce to relatives and friends that Arthur Cox must die. Long and trying had been his sickness; now a turn for the better would inspire hope in the hearts of anxious watchers: now those about him were saddened to see that the coils were gradually, but surely tightening, and it was only a question of time when he must go.

There is a cord of sympathy that seems to bind together those who live in a town, of which the inhabitants of the more populous city know but little; thus, it seemed as if a pall had settled down upon the town of Lonoke, when the news went out that there was no longer any hope for Arthur. To those who knew him, it was not strange that each should lament his death, for he was a youth in whom the good so largely predominated that the evil, if evil there was, was known only to his God.

Noting briefly his biography, Arthur Cox was born in Wellingborough, England, October 10, 1870. When but a lad his parents moved to this country, and soon his father was established in active business here. While accorded the advantages of a primary education, his opportunity for intermediate work was quite limited; but with that zeal so characteristic of him in all he did, he applied himself to study at odd times while engaged in business with his father. At the age of 21, he entered the Lonoke High School, and graduated from that institution in May, 1893, with first honors. His conduct as a pupil was most exemplary, yielding cheerful obedience in all things to his teacher, and in his studies being all that could be desired. When the time came to decide to whom the honor of first in his classes should fall, as one voice it was said "To Arthur, by all means." But it was not alone in his school life that he was popular, socially he was attractive on account of that sense of refinement that kept him above the low and trivial, and made all feel that no contamination would result from association with him.

In the summer of 1888, Arthur made a profession of religion and joined the Baptist Church at this place. No fanaticism marked his course as a member of the church, but, from his profession to the death hour, he endeavored to serve his God acceptably. His home surroundings were most pleasant, and no greater devotion could go out from parent to child than that of which he was the recipient.

About a month ago, he was taken seriously ill, but owing to the prompt service of his physician and his strong constitution, he rallied from the disorder and seemed in a fair way

to recovery. New complications, however, arose, and the first trouble returned in aggravated form. It was not, however, till Monday evening that hope was abandoned, and all saw that the end was rapidly approaching. He had been delirious most of Monday, but toward the close of the day he became lucid and well did he utilize the few short hours left to him. Relatives and anxious friends were about his bedside, and to each he said a parting word. Calm, as in the midst of vigorous life, he spoke of his leaving, and his yearning was that the separation from each should only be temporal. Reader, his might be called a happy deathbed, and though he felt that he might have done more while here, he saw no cloud between him and a glorious future in the beyond. Almost the last effort of his life was to endeavor with broken utterances to sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," but the vital force was too nearly expended, and with the second line of the glorious pean he fell asleep, to wake—does any one doubt where? While born in England and proud, as right he should be, of the grand name that she bore, of the mighty deeds that she had achieved, of the great men who sprang from her soil, he would often say that his ambition was doubly satisfied, that he should be reared in America.

The funeral services were conducted from the Lonoke Baptist Church by Dr. J. W. Lipsey, a man who held the departed in high esteem for his many virtues. Sorrowing friends joined the cortege in its march to the grave, and there beneath the sod, on which were placed sweet flowers, the tribute of sad hearts, we left him, feeling to say with one of old "Let my last end be like his."

PROF. J. J. DOYNE.
(His Teacher.)

Lonoke, Ark., Aug. 22, 1893.

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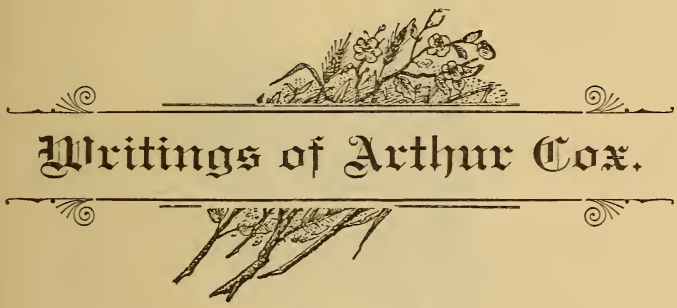

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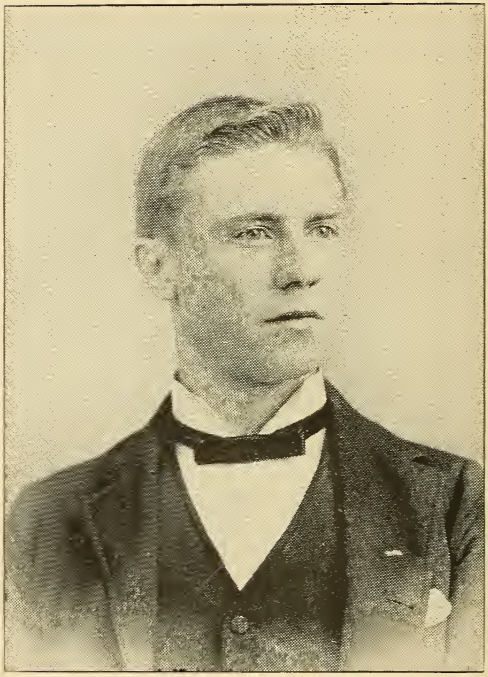

ARTHUR COX.

Christian Assurance.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." (Psalms xxiii:6.)

David, in the preceding part of this precious psalm, enumerates some of the blessings of God, as much as to say, "since the Lord is my Shepherd, and has led me from the arid desert of depraved human nature to the verdant pastures and still waters of his unchangeable love; since, when I stray from the path of righteousness and go into sinful walks, he restoreth my soul, and guides me in the right way for his name's sake, 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'"

Past blessings are always a ground for the hope of future favor. As long as we meditate upon our deliverance from the City of Destruction, we will never be confined in doubting castles; we may have some unpleasant wanderings through the wilderness, but, like

the children of Israel, we shall at last surely pass into the Promised Land. How encouraging it must have been for God's ancient people, while journeying from Egypt to Canaan, to look back and think over the mighty deeds of deliverance which were performed in their behalf.

They were not without their seasons of doubting. Upon every side they were surrounded by tribes inimical both to themselves and to their God. Difficulties would come upon them, and at times, doubtless, they thought that after all, their days would be ended upon the barren land this side the Jordan, and the country flowing with milk and honey be left for the enemies of Israel. It was in these times of weakness in the faith, that their hopes would be brightened, their strength renewed, and their confidence restored by a retrospective view. How could they consistently fear that God would forsake them in the wilderness after he had brought them with a high hand and a stretched out arm from under the galling yoke of Pharaoh's oppression? For their sake water had been turned to blood, cattle had been killed by the thousand, plague after plague had been sent upon the Egyptians; yea, even the first born of every house had been slain. For their deliverance, the waters of the Red Sea rolled back and towered heavenward like mighty mountains, while they passed through dry-shod. For their assurance, the pillar of cloud by day

and of fire by night went before them, guiding them and telling them that God was still with them. Whenever they thought upon these manifold blessings, of course they could but be assured that, although their trials were many, yet their weary feet would, by and by, tread the longed for soil of Canaan. And sure enough the history of their journey through the wilderness is but a story of the unalterable love and ineffable mercy of a gracious God to a rebellious and stiff-necked people. The same loving care which was about them while in bondage, causing them to thrive, notwithstanding their great oppression, followed them and when want stared them in the face, rained down manna from heaven.

The same miraculous power which did so much for them in Egypt, was with them on their journey and caused a cragged rock to give forth gushing streams with which they quenched their famishing thirst. And the selfsame hand which, as it were, grasped the waters of the Red Sea and dashed them back, led them to the banks of the Jordan, caused one of the laws of nature to be for a time reversed, that water no longer sought its level, and the hosts of the Israelites passed into the land of long-anticipated pleasure.

Now, beloved, we too, as did David, can make all the past mercies of our lives the foundation upon which to rear the superstructure of Christian assurance and strong faith.

We have been the slaves of a more despotic tyrant than Pharaoh ever dared to be. The Egyptian King had seasons of softness of heart, to some degree, when he would promise to let the children of Israel go free, but our former master, the prince of darkness, knows no softness of heart. Our deliverance from the thralldom of Satan is even more an act of grace than the emancipation of Israel, because we were freed from eternal distress. The slavery of the Israelite ended at the grave, but death has no power to sever the chains which fetter the servants of sin.

If any poor doubting soul should read this, I would ask him to think over the great mercy of God in calling him from darkness to light. Would it not be very strange indeed if God should give up his people for their weakness and sin, after he has plucked them as brands from the burning? When he first blessed us with the regenerating power of his spirit, not only did we tread the unhallowed paths of sin, but we did not even desire a holier life. We were contented with our iniquitous walk and did not want the man, Christ Jesus, to reign over us. Now, since God came to us in that state of flagrant rebellion, opened our eyes that we might look with disgust at the slime in which we were wallowing, renewed our wills to make us desire the service of God, and unstopped our ears, causing us to listen

with keen delight to the glorious symphonies of redeeming love, he will not now cast us off.

If almighty grace followed us into unholy walks and, when we sought it not, constrained us to follow the path of peace, surely that grace will not forsake us now.

You will notice that David felt that there was no uncertainty, whatever, connected with this subject. He does not say maybe, perhaps, or possibly, but *surely*. It was, with him, a settled fact that goodness and mercy should follow him. Many seem to delight in twisting this text and represent, not goodness and mercy as following us, as did David, but us as following goodness and mercy. I do not wonder at all, that those who look at it from this standpoint, hold to the doctrine of final apostacy, for if our preservation depended primarily upon our steadfastness, we would certainly fail, but thank God, it depends upon the constancy of a being whose love is without variation, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. We may still tune our harps and join the whole church militant in singing:

"Blest truth! the church and Christ are one,
In bonds the most secure;
No separation can be known,
While endless years endure.

No separation! cheers my heart,
And bids my fears subside;
My soul and Jesus cannot part,
For me he lived and died.

No separation! precious thought,
Then Christ is with me here;
And home to heaven I must be brought,
For Jesus Christ is there."

David's assurance is far-reaching, not only is he assured that goodness and mercy shall follow him all the days of his life, but he is also confident that he will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. His faith, as it were, takes wings, transports him to the summit of Pisgah, and there, with rapture, he looks at the beautiful scenes of Canaan, meditates upon the certainty of his hope, and says, "*surely* I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Oh, what assurance for a poor worm of the dust there is in the Christian religion!

Language lies before us dormant, as if shorn of its power, when we attempt to picture to the mind the ravishing joy, the godly steadfastness, and the unflagging zeal of every soul who can, from the heart, say with the Psalmist of Israel: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The Important Pilgrimage.

Much has been both written and said, regarding pilgrimages to different places of interest, and by some classes a great deal of importance is attached to journeys made to notable spots mentioned in the Bible. It occurs to me, however, that those who believe that there is virtue in traveling to the Holy Land and visiting places where important scenes in biblical history were enacted, have caught the shadow for the substance, have taken the natural for the spiritual, and, instead of feasting upon the kernel of the nut, they are trying to extract nourishment from the shell.

Now there is a pilgrimage which cannot fail to produce good, and that is the

PILGRIMAGE OF FAITH.

Whenever our cares weigh heavily upon us, oh, how sweet to go upon this journey! When troubles stare us in the face, how refreshing to mount upon the wings of faith, and flying, as it were, over the ages of the past, to settle upon the brow of Calvary and see the immaculate Son of God paying our debt and freeing us from the bondage of sin! It is quite beneficial for anyone, especially if at all indisposed, to visit some health re-

sort and recuperate both strength and energy. In like manner our inner or spiritual man often needs recreation, and this can always be had by a visit to that grandest of all spiritual health resorts—Calvary.

Does Satan hurl at us the arrows of doubt, until we almost succumb? Then let us turn our eye of faith to the cross, and if we can realize that it was the weight of our sins that helped to press Christ down, if we can feel that, "he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him," then we can have the blessed assurance of knowing that it is with his stripes we are healed; and in viewing the wonders of redeeming love which prompted the Jewel of the Celestial City to exchange his crown of power for one of thorns, and give up the felicity of heaven for the agony of the cross, we will be encouraged to count no sacrifice too great for us to make for the cause of our Master, and we will esteem no task too arduous to undertake if God commands.

One of the sweetest things connected with this pilgrimage of faith, is that no matter how many cares and worries we may take with us, we need bring none of them away. As John Bunyan's Pilgrim lost his load of sin at the cross, so every soul is benefited by a rest under its shadow.

There are numbers of God's children so poor that they can never hope to see, with their natural eyes, the

land of Palestine; but it is a precious truth that no soul is too weak, physically, or too indigent to make this pilgrimage under consideration. *The train of faith is free alike to the pauper and the millionaire, the peasant and the monarch, the bond and the free.*

Reader! Have you been to the cross, and felt in your own soul the cleansing power of the efficacious blood of Christ? Have your iniquities been washed away in the great fountain opened for uncleanness? If not, my earnest prayer is that God may bring you to see Jesus as the great burden-bearer of his people.

Effectual Calling.

"Whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified." (Rom. viii:30.)

The precious doctrine of "Effectual Calling" has ever been contended for by all true regular Baptists. Paul, all through his writings plainly teaches this truth, but it seems when he penned his epistle to the Romans he was especially particular to show the importance and in every instance the efficient work of the Spirit of God in regeneration or effectual calling. Not one of the inspired writers has any use whatever for the modern idea of the ineffectual work of the Spirit of the living God. The Scripture under consideration plainly shows that the calling of God is always followed by justification through the imputed righteousness of Christ, and glorification at the right hand of the Majesty on high; for, "*whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.*"

Notwithstanding the fact that the Scriptures are so positive on this point, yet many who claim to be guided by this precious Book of truth will tell us that God's Spirit can be quenched or grieved from the heart never more to return. The advocates of this error will,

in summing up the lives of a Christian and an ungodly person, say that "the one had quenched the Holy Spirit, the other had received it." Such can indeed sing with the poet:

"The Spirit, oh sinner, in mercy doth move,
Thy heart so long hardened, of sin to reprove,
Resist not the Spirit, no longer delay,
God's gracious entreaties may end with to-day."

But they cannot agree with Paul when he said, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."

If the difference between the believer and the impenitent were caused by the one receiving the Holy Spirit, and the other quenching it, then we could surprise Paul by telling him in answer to his question, "Who hath made thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" that man, by receiving the Spirit of God, causes himself to differ from others thus giving man the honor and glory which should be ascribed alone to the sovereign and distinguishing grace of Jehovah.

Our dear departed brethren who formulated the precious old Philadelphia Confession were well established in this glorious truth. In chapter x, first section, we find this language, "Those whom God had predestinated unto life, he is pleased in his appointed

and accepted time effectually to call by his word and Spirit, out of that state of sin and death, in which they are by nature, to grace and salvation by Jesus Christ: taking away their heart of stone, and giving unto them an heart of flesh: renewing their wills, and by his almighty power determining them to that which is good, and effectually drawing to Jesus Christ; yet so, as they come most freely, being made willing by his grace."

In the above we see that while the dear old brethren were firmly grounded in the truth of the effectual call of God, yet they clearly state that the Ruling Hand of heaven works in grace as in nature with such means as he chooses; the language is also beautiful with regard to every one who is caused by the Spirit of God coming to Jesus freely, and so it is, there is no arbitrary forcing of the mind. Hence we read in the Scriptures, "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." The willingness to come to Christ for mercy and pardon is not the cause of the Spirit working in the heart, but rather the effect. *The effectual call of God is always followed by hungering and thirsting after righteousness and a willingness to give up all for an interest in the efficacious blood of Jesus.*

To avoid error regarding the calling of God, a nice, yet clear, distinction must be made between the outward, or natural call, which is made to every one who listens to the preaching of God's eternal truth, and the

effectual call in which the Spirit of God is concerned, entering the heart and renewing the will, and which is personal, effecting only those for whom Jesus shed his precious blood. Now the effectual call does not in the least make the general call of no effect, but it many times goes with the latter making it personal and effectual. The written and preached word of God is sufficient of itself to furnish everything necessary to salvation, were it not that man is totally depraved, completely dead in trespasses and sins; but as this is the case, something else is required, ere the truth of God be received; the heart of stone must be taken away and the whole soul changed by that almighty power which can only produce this miraculous transformation. Yet, it is a precious truth that the effectual call keeps no one from Jesus, it simply makes salvation certain for a countless multitude, and whoever feels a desire for Christ, whoever has a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, has good evidence that his heart has been renewed by the Spirit of the living God, who doeth all things well.

If a man is hungry he must be alive. There are two things a lifeless man never does, i. e. he never hungers or knows that he is dead. Many natural men will tell us that they believe in total depravity and realize that they are dead in trespasses and sins, but such belief must be very flimsy and such realization awfully

shallow, because, *if they really knew their condition* they would hasten at once to the cross of Jesus where pardon and mercy are freely bestowed upon all who truly feel their need of salvation.

The poet beautifully sums up the important matter of effectual calling in the following verses:

"Christ's sheep by nature know not God,
They follow sin by choice;
But he hath told us in his word,
That all shall hear his voice.

They must be brought to know their God
And turn their backs on sin;
For Christ hath told us in his word,
That he must bring them in.

They must be brought, because their sins
Were on the Savior laid,
If they be lost, he'll lose his ends,
In vain their debt be paid.

They must be brought by sov'reign grace
To love the Savior here;
They must be brought before his face,
To dwell forever there.

The Father gave them to his Son,
To ransom from the fall;
And when the Savior's work is done,
He must produce them all."

My earnest prayer to God is, that he may cause many more to understand the beauties of the subject of this article by working it in their hearts.

Hope.

We are told by inspiration that "hope is an anchor of the soul;" now, all are familiar with the uses of the anchor of a ship. An anchor of itself is of little use, there must also be anchorage, something of which it may take hold and thus keep the ship securely tied.

This simile is filled with beauty, especially to those who have stood upon the beach or the vessel, and seen the use of the anchor demonstrated.

The waves may rise like mountains, the winds threaten to dash the ship to destruction, but if the anchorage is good, the vessel is held in her place. Good anchorage, however, is not always to be found; sometimes the crew will let down the anchor, and perhaps for miles the ship will float before the wind, because there is nothing which it can grasp.

But it is not so with our spiritual anchor, hope; because our anchorage is the covenant promises of God in Christ Jesus which are always *sure*.

"His promise is yea and amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

If we are anchored in this rock, the waves of temptation may roar like thunder about us, the wind of persecution may blow like a hurricane upon us, still we

shall stand the storm, and come off more than conquerors through him that loved us and gave himself for us.

What was it, but heavenly hope, than enabled Stephen to pray for his enemies even while the cruel stones were being hurled by them, and were crushing out his very life? What, but this same anchor of the soul, caused the great Apostle to the Gentiles to endure so much for the cause of Christ? In like manner, many of the martyrs of the dark ages suffered death rather than deny the Lord, because this same strong hope caused them to realize that, when this body was destroyed, they would have a building of God, in which they would dwell forever, and bask in the refulgent rays of that glorious Sun of Righteousness which knows no setting.

In Rom. v:5, Paul says that "Hope maketh not ashamed" and he indeed lived out this grand truth. See him! as he is called before the high priest, Ananias, to answer for preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ; if you wish to behold one who knew no fear of man. Hear him! after Ananias had commanded those who stood by to smite him on the mouth, declare to this inhuman monster, with boldness which comes only from divine hope, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall: for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law?"

Again, behold him! Before Felix, the Procurator of Judea, making his defense in such eloquent language,

and with so great boldness that "as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled, and answered, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Paul then, of all men had cause to say, "Hope maketh not ashamed." And why is this? Why is it that these in whose hearts dwells this strong hope, though they in themselves are weak, though they may be, as it were, the very lowliest of earth, can stand before princes and mighty rulers, and with remarkable boldness declare the truth, though they know it is offensive to their hearers. The reason is simply this: hope, the anchor of their soul, is clinging, with never ceasing tenacity, to that anchorage which fails not, the sure promises of God.

They know that persecutors can only harm the body, that if they strive their uttermost against them all they can do is to transfer them from this terrestrial land, where sorrows are wont to come, to that blessed abode of all the redeemed, Fair Beulah Land. Hope is also quite an important part of our Christian armor; therefore, "Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and righteousness; and for an helmet, the HOPE of salvation."

Satan may hurl at us the arrows of doubt, but whenever they strike this impenetrable helmet, the hope of salvation, they fall back with points dulled. In other

words when temptations to doubt our acceptance with God, or even, at times, to doubt the very existence of a Supreme Being come upon us, if in our heart dwells this strong hope of salvation, our soul will rebuke the tempter, saying, "Get thee behind me Satan." And the wily one will be thwarted in his designs. Kind reader, do you feel, deep down in your heart, this strong hope, establishing you upon the unchangeable promises of God? Can you say with Paul, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" If so, you have cause indeed to "Rejoice in HOPE of the glory of God." But if you are among that number who, not only cannot answer affirmatively, but who have no particular desire to do so, let me beseech you to meditate upon your real standing. You are truly, "without God, and without HOPE in the world." You may have worldly hope, but that, in a large measure, will be thwarted. The air castles which you are erecting with such magnificent splendor, will, some day, lie in ruins at your feet, and you will then be a sad spectacle of disappointment.

My earnest prayer is that God will, even now, cause you to see that no hope but that which is as the anchor of the soul, is sure of fulfillment and worthy of our whole trust.

Prayer.

"Pray without ceasing." (I. Thess. v:17.)

Paul, in writing his epistle to the Church at Thessalonica, realized that the dependence of every Christian would ever be in the eternal strength of God, hence he exhorted them, "*To pray without ceasing.*"

The privilege of holding communion with the Supreme Ruler of the universe is one of the grandest gifts bestowed upon fallen man. It was a wonderful blessing to be allowed, as the Israelites were, to give their petitions to the priests, who interceded for them in the presence of God in the Holy of Holies; but we may rejoice over a much greater blessing in that we only have the privilege of being found often at the throne of grace, communing directly with God, but are exhorted, *to pray without ceasing*.

There are many reasons why we should heed the words of our text and frequently unbosom ourselves to God; but it occurs to me that the two most important are *creature need* and *Creator fullness*. It requires no degree of logical reasoning to prove to the grace-taught soul his helplessness, because he feels it deep down in his heart. The very moment one is convicted

of sin he realizes his own weakness and utter inability to keep the law of the Lord without strength from above: in fact his Christian experience opens with the prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And even after we, like Bunyan's Pilgrims, come to the cross, where our burdens roll away, and that sweet, ineffable peace, which passes understanding, fills our souls, we are, in ourselves, as weak as we have ever been. And if we do not avail ourselves of the blood-bought privilege of close communion with God, our Christian life will lack that brightness which characterizes all who bask in the refulgent rays of the sun of righteousness.

That God is able to help, is evident from the perfection of his attributes; all things in nature proclaiming his power and sovereignty. And that he is willing to help us, is equally evident from the teaching of his precious word. In the prophecy of Isaiah he says, "And that shall come to pass that before my people call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." God waits to be gracious to his people: in fact we cannot extol his name more than by supplicating for grace to help in every time of need, and for strength to live in active Christian life. Let us never weary in prayer, because our petitions are apparently unanswered; for, many times, if our requests were granted unto us in the manner we expect it would be to our spiritual detriment. Often, when we feel inclined

to believe that our prayers are slighted, God is giving us far greater blessings in disguise.

The early Christians doubtlessly importuned God, long and earnestly, that he would own his truth, and cause the church to grow and flourish among the nations. How was their prayer answered? All who are familiar with church history will call to mind that persecutions came upon them thick and fast: in fact, Rome, the most powerful empire of the world, seemed, for a time, to devote her whole energy in trying to exterminate Christianity. Now, by this very persecution God had ordained the prosperity of the church. For every one who suffered martyrdom many others were raised up to take his place: and the saints, unable to remain long in any country, wandered into different lands, carrying with them the sweet story of Jesus and his cross: thus, as it were, scattering the seed of the Gospel to the four winds of heaven to be planted among the different nations of the world.

Every time we receive a blessing from prayer we should be strengthened thereby, and it should encourage us to throw ourselves more frequently upon the favor of God. It is related of Philip Henry that, after he had been engaged in prayer for two of his children, that were dangerously ill, he made the following remark, "If the Lord will be pleased to grant me this, my request in regard to my children, I will not say as the

beggars at our door used to do, 'I'll never ask anything of him again,' but, on the contrary, he shall hear oftener from me than ever!''

Another great encouragement to prayer should be that it is not dependent upon any external circumstances. The most indigent person in his humble cottage can enjoy this great boon as much as the most opulent in his magnificent palace. The orator, who clothes his thoughts in brilliant eloquence, may, on account of his rhetorical attainments, have great power with men, but, when we approach the throne of grace, eloquence avails us naught: the most important question should be, ''Is the prayer heartfelt?'' We may scarcely be able to express ourselves, our language may be poor, our English faulty, yet, if our petition be born upon the wings of faith, God will give us audience and bless us. The noted dreamer, John Bunyan, said, ''The best prayers have in them more groans than words.''

Many Christians will not pray in public because they think too much about their earthly hearers, and not enough about God. They are afraid that they cannot use fine language in their supplications, and in consequence will not exercise this most valuable of all Christian gifts. Such persons seem to forget that prayer is for God's ear and not for men's. No harsher criticism could be passed upon anyone, than was passed

upon a certain Boston preacher, when it was said that he offered up very eloquent prayers to his congregation. When we bow in supplication to God, even though it be before a large audience, we should pray as though no eye were upon us save that omniscient one above, and no ear listening but that, which is ever open to the cries of the needy.

Oh! that we may be aroused to the full enjoyment of the precious privilege of going to God in prayer, with all our failings, burdens, and cares, casting them all at Jesus' feet, and receiving in return pardoning love, new strength, and brighter hopes.

"And wilt thou still in silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thine interest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
The remedy's before thee–pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,
Though thoughts be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus name.

Depend on him, thou canst not fail,
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done."

A Friend at Court.

Many who live under this republican form of government do not fully appreciate the significance of the words, "A Friend at Court." This term is fraught with meaning, in any monarchy, at this age, but it was especially significant a few hundred years ago, when the head of the court had almost absolute power. Jeoffrey Chaucer, the morning star of English poesy, was prosperous as long as his friend, John of Gaunt, was at court, but after the latter's death, he lived in what may be termed comparative poverty.

Edmund Spenser, one of the illustrious writers of the Elizabethan Period, was in humble circumstances while young. This is evident from the fact that in 1569 he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in the humble capacity of Sizar. His first important production, "The Shepherd's Calendar," was dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who brought him into the favor of the Earl of Leicester; and through the influence, at court, of this earl, he received an appointment in Ireland, and later was made the recipient of an estate, near Cork, of upwards of 3,000 acres. Numbers of instances could be cited, proving beyond a doubt, the value of a friend at court.

A young Englishman, in humble circumstances, cherishes, in his heart, a hope that some day he will acquire a finished education, and to this end directs all his energy and power. Now, if he has a friend who has influence with the Queen, I doubt not that the doors of either Oxford or Cambridge will, in due time, be thrown open for his admission.

We have briefly considered our subject, as applying to earthly courts, which are often corrupt; and to human friends, who are, at best, but changeable creatures. We wish now to notice it in a higher sense; that is, as it applies to the Court of Heaven, where corruption is unknown, and, to a Friend who, at all times, sticketh closer than a brother. In some instances, a friend at an earthly court bears a striking resemblance to Jesus' intercession for us in that Celestial Court in the New Jerusalem. But in many respects the former fails to illustrate the latter.

1. *A friend at court is not always heard in his petitions by the monarch.* It needs no evidence to prove this; all who are familiar with human nature know that such must be the case. But oh how vastly different is it with the intercession of Jesus at the Court of Heaven! No unheard petition is presented by our Great High Priest. He has but to make known his requests and they are immediately granted. What an encouragement this should be for us, to bring all our cares and

sorrows to the foot of the cross, and ask our glorious Advocate to give us all needed grace and strength. No stronger incentive to prayer can be found, than that Jesus, our Almighty Friend at Heaven's Court, takes our petitions, which are offered in faith, stamps them with his approval, and presents them to the Father, who will never fail to honor and grant every wish of his only Begotten Son. The poet, Hart, has beautifully said:

"The Christian's heart this prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ receives and gives it in."

2. *We may, one day, have a friend at court and the next day he may be our enemy.* This is caused by the changeableness of man, the state of whose affection is altogether dependent upon external circumstances. But, blessed be God, the love of Jesus knows no variation. If we can, at any time, lay claim to having Christ as a friend, we may rest assured that his friendship will never be turned to hatred, for in Malachi we read, "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." It is truly a very consoling thought for the child of God to realize that the love of Jesus to his bride is unalterable. As the poet, Medley, says:

"Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not."

"Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end," is a sweet morsel upon which the doubting soul may feast. Numbers of passages of Scripture might be quoted, clearly showing that our precious Immanuel is, in his love to his people, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. True, his dealings with them are not always the same, because the same course of action would not always be for the best. Sometimes he leads us, as he did Moses, to the top of Pisgah's height, where we, in rapture, gaze across the Jordan into the fair and happy land of Canaan. Then again we are permitted to tread the gloomy vale of Achor where there are chilly streams of tribulation and affliction through which we must wade. But notwithstanding this, it is always the same immutable love and infallible wisdom that directs our steps throughout life's journey.

3. *A friend at court may be, at any time, removed by the hand of death.* The high and low are alike, liable to be snatched away by the ruthless hand of death. A person may have some long cherished ambition, in which he will be successful if he has the favor of the monarch of the country of his citizenship. Now, suppose that this person has a friend at court, who is held in such high esteem by the head of the government that nothing for which he asks will be denied. Further, suppose that this friend at court is so true in his affec-

tions, that there is no danger, whatever, of his turning his back upon his favorite, or of his refusing to endeavor to bring him into the notice of the monarch. Even then, just as the good will of the head of the court is about to be secured, his representative may die, and thus all his hopes be blighted. But, thank God, death hath no more dominion over our glorious Advocate, the Lord Jesus Christ. When he burst the bonds of the tomb in triumph, he placed forever the power of death under his feet. Centuries may follow each other with stately tread, but still the King of kings will continue to plead in behalf of his redeemed. Yea, ages may come and go, yet the children of Zion can ever feelingly say, "He ever liveth at the right hand of God to make intercession for us."

Fellow pilgrim, does it not cause your soul to o'erflow with gratitude to know that although life's path is ofttimes steep and rugged, and your cares occasionally make you feel that you are almost forsaken; yet, you still have *a friend at court?* Yes, a true friend! one who has declared, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Well, may every ransomed soul take his harp down from the willow and sing with the poet:

"I've found a friend; oh, such a friend!
He loved me e'er I knew him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus he bound me to him.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,
For I am his and he is mine,
Forever and forever.

I've found a friend; oh, such a friend!
So kind, so true and tender,
So wise a counsellor and guide,
So mighty a defender!
From him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell?
No; I am his forever."

Free Grace.

This is a theme which is like the sweetest music to every heaven-born soul; for although there are numbers of God's children who try to disprove many of the doctrines which, of necessity, flow out of this Bible truth, yet when these very persons are questioned in regard to their own salvation they will at once declare that it is alone through the unmerited favor of God that they have been translated from nature's darkness to the light and liberty of God's children; so that every spiritually taught soul can take up the language of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

The natural man, however, sees no beauty in this precious theme, he may have a head knowledge of divine things, and he may be ever ready to argue warmly, and sometimes bitterly, on scriptural subjects, but he knows nothing of that deep-seated enjoyment brought about by hearing the riches of God's free and unmerited love proclaimed, or by meditating there upon. I doubt not that there are persons, born blind, who believe that there is such a thing as color, and who would contend earnestly to prove this, if anyone should deny

it. Now, it is impossible for these to know anything experimentally regarding color; they have never seen the beautiful blendings of the rainbow nor have they gazed upon the golden tint of the sunset; how then do they know aught regarding this subject? They know it from the fact that they have been thus taught.

Suppose a lecture on color is given by an able orator, and in the audience there is a man who was born blind, this person gives a ready assent that there is such a thing as color because he has always been taught that there is, but when the lecturer paints for the eye of the imagination of his audience, beautiful scenery and waxes eloquent as he dwells upon the delicate shades of color as seen blended in the solar spectrum, do you suppose that the blind man's soul would thrill with pleasure like that of him who has seen these things himself, and hence knows how to appreciate them. It is just so in regard to the theme, "Free Grace." Man in his carnal state is blind, his eyes are closed to all the beauties of redeeming love. Some unregenerate men will perhaps assent that salvation is of grace and grace alone, and some may be able to defend this truth in quite a logical manner, but still in reality they do not see the depth of meaning in the words *Free Grace*, because they do not know experimentally, the depravity of the human heart.

The freeness of God's grace was clearly manifested

in his election of the church, and also in the advent and death of Christ for her redemption, but it seems to me that nowhere is it called forth into more lively exercise than in the Holy Spirit's work of seeking out the lost, and applying to them the benefits procured by the blood of our Glorious Immanuel.

From a natural standpoint, the Arminian theory on this subject, seems to be more consistent than any other. It teaches that man is left to exercise his own choice in regard to spiritual matters, and that he must make the first move in order to be saved. I say it appears consistent, naturally speaking, because it is the exact course man would have pursued, if he had occupied God's position, and the consequence would have been the eternal destruction of all Adam's posterity; for if no man was quickened until he made a move godward, regeneration would be a thing unknown.

Christ very plainly says, "No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him," and the language he used to the unbelieving Pharisees, is applicable to every impenitent, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." The church must be united in saying with John, "we love him because he first loved us."

Not only do the Scriptures abundantly prove that salvation is of grace, and as Paul very forcibly says, "if by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace," but the experience of every child of God

teaches him that, had he been left to himself, he would never have sought for mercy at the cross, but that to the contrary he would have persisted in open rebellion to the Dispenser of every blessing, by disbelieving the record he hath given concerning his only begotten Son.

In contemplating the unworthiness of humanity, the psalmist said: "Lord, what is man that thou takest knowledge of him? Or the son of man that thou makest account of him? Man is like to vanity, his days are as a shadow that passeth away." (Psalms cxliv: 3, 4.) It is a continual marvel to the Christian that God has ever been so gracious to his people. We may lift ourselves upon the wings of time and go back, *back*, BACK, but we can never reach a period when, if I may be permitted to use the expression, God did not look forward with delight to the salvation of his church, the bride, the Lamb's wife. *Let me not be content with resting upon a love which is but as old as my own, when I may cherish in my bosom one which knows no beginning.* Age always tends to stability, hence when we view the electing love of God we see the sure foundation upon which we stand.

If God had begun to love us at the moment of our birth that would have been a blessing indeed, but we know that his love did not then commence, because many centuries before this time, he gave his Son to die for us and nothing but love of the strongest type could

have prompted him to so great an act of mercy. We would go back to creation's dawn and look for tokens of God's favor to his people, but Paul leads us further back and says: "According as he hath chosen us in him BEFORE THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD that we should be holy and without blame before him in love."

Then with one mighty leap we betake ourselves to the morning of eternity, and think that now we have certainly reached a time when the love of the Almighty has not been kindled for his yet uncreated church. But lo! Paul has been here before us and says: "But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath FROM THE BEGINNING chosen you to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." We see then that at every step in the divine life we have cause to stop and raise our Ebenezer realizing that it is alone through the *free* and *eternal* grace of Almighty God that we have been kept.

If we look for the promptings of electing, redeeming, or regenerating love, we will each time be led to the inscription, "Free Grace" which should be engraved upon every Christian's armor. Others may desire to mingle their own merit with God's favor in salvation and make their faithfulness, which is at the longest of but a few years' standing, the foundation of their hope. But give me the robe of Jesus' righteous-

ness and I will cast aside all the faulty garments of my own imperfections, as a fit dress to wear at the marriage feast of the King; give me, as the foundation of my hope, a love which was in existence when the sun of eternity rose, and I will cease to make my affections, which are as inconstant as man himself, the test of my standing with God.

"Free Grace" is a grand theme by which to live. As I said before when we are engaged in the Christian warfare we should have these precious words engraved upon our armor, and when we lie upon our bed at night, we should take the pillow of Free Grace and with our heads thus resting our sleep will be sweet indeed. We need not be ashamed of this theme, although many would depreciate it, for it is of honored parentage, since God is its author, and it has had for its advocates the noblest and best men of all ages.

With our harps tuned to the melodious strains, this sweetest of all music, we can rejoice and sing the songs of Zion even when the storms of trouble rage about us; and when we stand upon the bank of the chilly stream of death, we can with David say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil;" and when Jordan shall have been crossed, we will join the blood-washed throng in singing of that precious *Free Grace* which brought us from Egyptian darkness to the brilliant light of the land of Canaan.

Free Will.

This is a topic we often hear discussed, and much is said in heated controversies which cannot be backed by a "Thus saith the Lord," both by necessarians and libertarians. When man came from the plastic hand of Jehovah he stood in the garden of Eden a perfect man; his form was not bent or emaciated by the ravages of disease; his desires were not influenced by evil passions, and above all, his will was not bound by the iron chains of sin and transgression, but in a little while what a sad change takes place. Satan with all his wiles and treachery crawls into the peaceful presence of Adam and Eve and tempts them to disobey their Creator; they soon yield to his power and by their actions cut off all the blessings and privileges which God had bestowed upon them. God had informed them beforehand that if they disobeyed him and ate of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil in that day they should surely die. And now they have willfully turned their backs upon God's commands, of course the inevitable consequence is death. Man's will, which before the fall was untrammeled, now is enslaved to sin and iniquity, and from that fatal day every child born into the world is as

dead (spiritually) as Lazarus was (naturally) when he lay in the tomb. And it takes the same Almighty power that called him forth to bring one sinner into spiritual life.

We see then that nothing is more contrary to scriptural teaching than to ignore the fall, and assert that the will of man is free and untrammeled. Christ plainly teaches us that man's will is depraved and sinful; in fact so positive is he, that on one occasion he uses the unequivocal language, "No man can come to me except the father which hath sent me draw him," and again, when in the presence of some Pharisees, he tells them, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life," thus showing that all men, naturally, are in such a condition that they will not nor cannot come to Jesus for life and salvation. Spiritual death so supremely reigns in the heart that even if a sinner possessed the power within himself of acquiring salvation yet he would have no desire for it whatever; he would still refuse to exercise this power. Hence we see that the very first step necessary in conversion is the renewal of the will. Every unregenerate man is satisfied with his spiritual condition; he may say he is not, but, if the illuminating power of the Holy Spirit has never been shed in the heart, he does not realize his true condition, because as soon as a person is really concerned about his soul's welfare it is very good evidence that he is one of those

for whom Christ has purchased salvation; and that the refulgent rays of the Gospel are shining into his heart, showing to him his lost and undone condition. To all who are thirsting for the presence of God in the soul and feel weary of their burden of sin, Jesus says in his wonderful love and mercy "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." And the faithful prophet Isaiah—centuries before the advent of our Savior—with his spiritual eyes directed to the cross of Calvary, cried out, "Ho, every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters and he that hath no money come ye buy and eat, yea come buy wine and milk without money and without price." All who feel their own sinfulness and know what it is to be spiritually destitute, may be sure of being welcome at the feet of Jesus, because the Son of God is waiting to receive all such into his kingdom. Jesus knows your condition. In fact he has been working with you by his Holy Spirit or you would not have a will to come to him, for while many talk about man's free agency the Bible plainly teaches that man in his unregenerate state is not a free agent but that he is the servant of Satan. "For thus saith the Lord, ye have sold yourselves for naught, and ye shall be redeemed without money. (Isa. lii:3.)

And Paul tells us that they are "taken captive by him, the devil, at his will." (II. Tim. ii:26.)

True, every unregenerate man has a will and does not fail to exercise it either; but it is always used to disbelieve the record God hath given of his Son and to choose the service of Satan rather than the service of Jesus. Every human being is a servant either of God or of the devil, there is no such thing as a half way matter; we each are, be we high or low, young or old, rich or poor, devoting our time and our talents to one of these masters who is controlling our wills and our actions, little as we may think it.

Oh, that God would bring his children all, more fully to a knowledge of his precious word and cause them to look to the pit from whence they were dug and to the rock from whence they were hewn, and give him all the glory for their salvation, realizing that had it not been for the renewing work of the Holy Spirit they would still have been wandering from the presence of God not willing that the man Christ Jesus should reign over them.

The Unchangeableness of God.

"For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." (Malachi iii:6.)

The immutability of God forms a strong foundation for the hope of the believer; because, if God were as man, ever liable to change, there would be no salvation for a single one of Adam's sons or daughters. Man is so fallen in his nature, so depraved in his desires, that, even after the love of Christ has been revealed in his heart, after his feet have been plucked up from the miry pit and planted upon the rock, Christ Jesus, he transgresses so often, that, were it not for the unchangeableness of a covenant keeping God, he would be banished into outer darkness to spend an eternity of woe. The experience of every one who has been taught by grace divine to know the plague of his own heart, accords with that of the poet Medley:

"Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving kindness changes not."

The fact that Christ has promised to be with his people all through the ages, should cause them to trust fully in him, and discard all fear of ever being cast away. But God does not stop with merely promising: he not only says by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, "I will make an everlasting covenant with them, that I will not turn away from them, to do them good;" but, also says "Willing more abundantly to shew unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, he confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us." (Heb. vi:17, 18.) Oh, the glory of the everlasting love of God! Eternity will be far too short to fathom its bottomless depths. It is enough to make our hearts overflow with gratitude to know that the Almighty God of heaven and earth, he who is the arbiter of all the nations of the world, should deal so tenderly with his chosen people as to condescend to confirm all his rich promises by an oath. Well might the poet, while meditating upon the wonders of God's eternal love to fallen and rebellious man, in ecstasy cry out:

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransomed souls the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding
Who its breadth and depth can tell?
'Tis an ocean without bottom or a shore.

Once in Christ, in Christ forever;
This the Gospel scheme declares.
Death, nor hell, nor sin shall sever
Jesus from his chosen heirs;
Blest in Jesus,
Members of his mystic frame."

Men of the world, no matter how prosperous they may be, can afford to have their gloomy and dubious moods, because at any minute their hopes may be blasted, and all their fond ambitions be chaff before the wind. But not so with the believer in Christ; he, too, may meet with adversity, and his hopes, of a terrestrial nature, may be crushed; but, blessed be God! he has an assurance which he can never lose; he has a hope founded upon the oath of him who has declared, "*I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.*" And consequently he cannot be gloomy while ruminating on the riches of God's free and unchangeable love.

Many times afflictions are sent so heavily upon the way-worn saints that they are almost tempted to believe that God is beginning to forget his promises to them, and that his love must be abating; but this is all a mistake. The arms of God's loving kindness are encircling his people just as surely in adversity as in prosperity. In fact these very afflictions, when viewed in a proper light, instead of causing us to doubt the faithfulness of God, will establish the glorious truths of his unalterable

love. Because, if God did not hold the cause of his people so dear, he would often permit them to run as they desire, even to their own hurt, rather than cause himself sorrow by lovingly rebuking them, as an affectionate parent does his offspring. We know that the Heavenly Father feels the trouble of his little ones, because the Book of books tells us, "In all their afflictions he was afflicted."

Kind reader, perhaps you are even now being led through the chilly shades of Achor's gloomy vale. You may have had God's afflicting hand laid upon you so heavily that you sometimes feel almost tempted to give up in despair. If such be the case, I pray you banish forever from your mind such a thought. Know you not that, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth; if ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons: for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?" (Heb. xii:6, 7.) These afflictions are but good evidence of the tender love of God. I appeal to parents who have had experience in rearing a family. Does it not pain you, stern but loving father, to administer rebuke to your children, even more than it pains them? And you, oh gentle mother, whose love to your offspring in its purity approaches nearer to the love of Christ for his church than any other earthly tie, I will ask you, does it not cause you more heartaches to with-

hold from your little ones that which they desire than it would to yield to their childish cravings, even though you know this denial is for their good? Now, it is so, only in a higher sense, with God's dealings in providence.

Oh, afflicted and doubting soul, listen to what God endearingly says *to you:* "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I would not be wroth with thee nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." (Isa. liv:7, 10.) Child of the kingdom, could we ask for grander assurance of God's eternal, unchangeable love to poor, fallen man? It seems that Jehovah cast his omniscient eye over the whole earth, to see by what he could illustrate the depth and firmness of his love; but everything of a terrestrial nature falls far short. The mountains and hills are indeed abiding in their character; centuries, as they come and go with stately tread, find and leave them the same; but even these, if not disturbed by volcano or earthquake, will some day pass away.

Nevertheless, the covenant of God's peace shall never be removed. Well may we cry out with the psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Although we are so mutable in our nature, so often forgetful of the mercies and blessings of our Heavenly Father, yet he is unchangeable in his dealings with us, as the poet beautifully says:

"The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete.
His promise is yea and amen.
And never was forfeited yet."

Not only have we the assurance that the free grace of God will uphold and keep us all through our journey in this life, but after this earth shall have melted with fervent heat, and time shall be no more, we shall be permitted to spend a glorious eternity in the very presence of God, where sin and death shall be known no more; and then, and not before, shall we begin to fully realize the depth of the never ending love of our "brother born for adversity."

There is much talk in this day among professed Christians about degrees of glory in heaven; their theory being that some will simply get a crown, while others will have crowns bedecked with stars. But, be that as

it may, it seems to me that it will be joy enough to live in the presence of Christ, whether we have stars or not. In fact, I feel that if a crown of pre-eminence were given me, I would cast it at the feet of King Immanuel, and swell the glorious music of heaven by joining all the redeemed in crying out, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Thirst for Righteousness.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. (Matt. v:6).

This Scripture may be taken to represent the desire for a holy life as experienced by every child of God during his sojourn on earth. But we wish to notice it as it refers to the longing of the soul under conviction, for a perfect righteousness, found alone in Christ. In my opinion no grander truth than this verse, can be found recorded anywhere in Holy Writ. I cannot hope to add anything to it. But I will ask you, kind reader, to follow me for a short time and we will feast upon some of the beauties with which it is fraught.

Every man in his natural state is perfectly satisfied with his condition spiritually: true, his conscience may at times smite him, which is sometimes erroneously taken for the strivings of God's Spirit in the soul; he, perhaps, sometimes, with Baalam, will say: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" (Numbers xxiii:10), but unless the Holy Spirit, by his almighty power, enlightens the mind, these impressions will only be transient and the same unconcerned state will prevail as usual. Paul was not

mistaken when he wrote to the Corinthian brethren, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." It is an evident fact, then, that man if left to himself will always refuse to come to Christ for life everlasting. We know this to be so not only from the teachings of God's most sacred word, but our own experience also clearly proves it. Let us look back and see if we do not remember the time when we were in this natural state; when sin was rolled under our tongues as a sweet morsel, and we were not willing for the man, Christ Jesus, to reign over us. While in this condition we were, as a whole, perfectly satisfied with our spiritual standing before God. We did not know the plague of our own hearts, and of course our sinfulness troubled us but little. We would have continued in this impenitent state even until now had it not been for the sovereign, distinguishing grace and mercy of Almighty God.

If we will notice closely our text, we will see that there is no doubt or uncertainty expressed in it. Just as sure will all those who have a true desire for righteousness be sooner or later fully satisfied by spiritually feasting upon the fat things of the Gospel. What encouragement to press forward this should be to all who by grace divine have been caused to feel their littleness,

and to long for that perfect righteousness which comes only through faith in the blood of Christ.

One of the grandest truths of Christianity is, that notwithstanding the fact that man if left to himself will never turn to God, yet no compulsion whatever is used in the divine economy of grace, as Benj. Keach, one of the signers of the old London Confession of Faith has well said, "Jesus Christ, as I have told you, will accept of no pressed soldiers, no, no, they must be all volunteers, but naturally the will is corrupt, depraved and wills only that which is evil, and it is averse to all things that are truly and spiritually good, and so it remains until grace, or the Holy Spirit, takes away that enmity or averseness which is in it, and so makes it willing; and this is done generally by the powerful preaching of the Gospel, God being pleased to accompany it with the operations of his own spirit and divine power."

We who hold to Calvinistic doctrines are sometimes accused of teaching that God in his sovereignty takes sinners, whether they are willing or not, and forces them into his service. But this is a gross misrepresentation. Nothing is further from the tenor of Holy Writ than such an idea. Every called minister of God should have in his message, "Whosoever will let him come;" backed up by the precious promise, "My people shall be willing in the day of my power."

Perhaps some soul who reads these few lines is even now sighing and longing for that peace which is found only at the foot of the cross. May be such a one has been spending his strength trying to fulfill the demands of the law in his own might, and has been brought to realize his weakness and longs for a more perfect fulfillment of God's righteous demands in his behalf. If such be the case, to you I would say, remember the words of our text and take courage: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Cease from looking to your own acts for justification before God; while the Gospel trumpet peals forth in silver tones "*By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in his sight.*" FLEE AT ONCE TO HIM, WHO HATH SAID, "LOOK UNTO ME, AND BE YE SAVED, ALL THE ENDS OF THE EARTH, FOR I AM GOD AND THERE IS NONE ELSE."

The Scriptures are full of invitations to every needy sinner. Where could be found music sweeter to the sin-sick soul than, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price? Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labors for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul

delight itself in fatness." The poet had certainly drank deep at the fountain of salvation, who wrote:

Come ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity mixed with power;
He is able,
He is willing doubt no more.

Come, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh:
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View him prostrate in the garden!
Lo! your sacred Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finished!
Sinners, will not this suffice?

The soul when under conviction may flee hither and thither for peace, but only through faith in Christ is a true sense of pardon brought about. How can you then, thirsty sinner, longer stay away from the

wells of salvation? Christ not only is ready to receive you into his arms, but it is through his boundless love and matchless grace that you feel this dissatisfaction with your own imperfect righteousness, and hunger and thirst after a perfect righteousness with which you can meet every requirement of the inexorable law of God. My prayer is that you may be enabled to come even now to the cross of Jesus where, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, your load of sin will roll from your weary back and you will go forth able to say with the man who received sight from Christ "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

Job.

We are told by the apostle Paul that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable;" and in accord with this truth we find a lesson taught us in the life of every person mentioned in Holy Writ. Who can study the history of Abraham without beholding in wonder and amazement his great faith? Who can meditate upon the actions of that great leader of God's people, Moses, untouched by his meekness?

In Jacob we find an example of power in prayer; in Jeremiah, we see one whose heart is o'erwhelmed with godly sorrow for the iniquities of idolatrous Israel, and we wonder not that he burst forth in that pathetic sentence fraught with poetic beauty, "Oh, that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!"

The life of David proves how certain victory is, if God be for us; in Solomon we have a counselor so full of wisdom that his advice will be useful as long as time shall last, and in the character of our subject, Job, if I mistake not, we shall find a good example of unswerving trust and godly patience in the hour of dark affliction.

Of his early life we know nothing. His history opens with the declaration, "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." We learn also that he was wealthy and influential, so much so, in fact, that he is said to have been the greatest of all the men of the East. And not only did he have great possessions but he had also been blest with quite a family, having raised seven sons and three daughters.

We can form an estimate of Job's devoutness when we remember that on the feast days of his children, although perhaps many miles from them, yet they were still upon his heart, and he would offer sacrifices to God in their behalf. Now Satan could not bear to see this powerful man of the East so godly in his walk. Doubtless he did not object to Job's possessing great riches, but what he disliked was that his affluence did not wean his affections from his divine Benefactor. And in consequence this prince of darkness resolved to procure his downfall.

We are told that one day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them, and when God asked him the question, "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil," he

answered, "Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the works of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face."

We can but stop to notice how two-faced Satan is in all his dealings; we see him here as he stands before the all-searching gaze of God, acknowledging Jehovah as the giver of all the rich temporal blessings of which Job was the recipient, and doubtless when he came to Job he would reason that there was no Supreme Being and even if there were that he was so much above man, so busy with the greater events of the universe, that he would not notice whether man was happy or miserable, rich or poor, sinful or holy.

Well, God said to Satan, "All that Job hath is in thy power, only upon himself put not forth thine hand." Here is one of those precious decrees of God which, as it were, binds the devil in chains, which can never be broken; it says to him "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further."

It should cause all God's people to rejoice to know that although Satan oftentimes tempts them and tries to procure their downfall, yet he cannot go one inch further in any direction than our heavenly father permits, and

so it was with Job. Satan, in his bitterness of purpose takes away all his possessions. He who a few days before was surrounded by almost regal splendor is now, comparatively, a poor man, and yet we hear him make no complaint. I can, in my imagination, even now see the old patriarch as he sits patiently listening to the servants, who are bringing him such bad news, and meditating upon the heavy losses which he is sustaining, when up rushes another messenger with the sad tidings that while his sons and daughters were feasting in the house of their elder brother, a wind arose, struck the house, and caused it to fall upon the inmates, and the servant announces that, "the young men are all dead and I only am escaped to tell thee." Will Satan's prediction now be fulfilled? As Job sees his five hundred asses and five hundred yoke of oxen in the hands of the Sabeans; his seven thousand sheep charred into ashes by the fire from heaven; his three thousand camels gone to augment the wealth of his enemies, the Chaldeans; and worst of all, oh, sad thought, his children, the center around which his fond ambitions cluster, all snatched from his fond embrace. Will he now curse God to his face as Satan has said? Let inspiration answer. "Then Job arose and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped, and said: 'Naked came I out of my mother's womb and nakèd shall I return thither; the Lord gave

and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Who can read this language of poor afflicted Job without a sigh? Oh, that patience! What evidence of God's preserving grace in the heart! What sublimity of thought!

But Satan is not yet satisfied. He decides to make another effort, consequently he goes back again before God, and has the audacity to say, "Put forth thine hand now and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy face."

The Lord, resolving to have Job fully tried, answers, "Behold, he is in thine hand, but save his life." Satan, with grim determination, now afflicts Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And as if to cut off from him every avenue of comfort, the wife of his bosom, she who might be expected to stand by his side and administer consolation, turns as it were her back upon him and says, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die." Doubtless Satan now thinks the hour of his triumph is about to come. He is not acquainted with the sustaining power of God's grace. He little thinks that when the everlasting arms are beneath the child of God that all the fiery darts of the infernal hosts are without effect, but such is the case. If Beelzebub and all his followers should unite their

powers to make one mighty attempt to procure the ruin of the least of God's saints, their efforts would fall powerless before the arms of loving kindness with which they are ever encircled like a sacred halo. And it was so in the case of Job, when his wife asked him to curse God and die, he displayed in his answer that wonderful patience for which he has ever been noted. He does not upbraid her for cruelly forsaking him and blaspheming his God, but simply says, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Methinks the angels in heaven raised a loud hallelujah at seeing such a triumph of the protecting power of their King over the arts and snares of the wily one. Satan is now foiled, his final effort has been fruitless, and the patience of Job in affliction has been put upon record as an example for all who should follow.

We are told that "The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning; for he had fourteen thousand sheep, and six thousand camels, and a thousand yoke of oxen, and a thousand she-asses. He had also seven sons and three daughters."

Reader, we have been with this man of God through the days of his prosperity and adversity; we have seen him remain firm in his trust, and unswerving in his fidelity, although the darkness of affliction hung about him heavy as midnight gloom. Now let us see if we

cannot learn some useful lessons from his wonderful patience. We, perhaps, may never be called upon to drink so deep at the bitter fountain of affliction, but still we will surely meet with crosses in this life; it is so intended. This earth is not our home, we will not be tied to this terrestrial globe forever; and if everything here were arranged just to suit us we would become too much attached to things of time. The tendrils of our affections are so constantly seeking for something around which to entwine themselves, that the husbandman often comes around and tears from our clinging embrace that which we were almost making an idol. But this is all for our good. The pruning is just as necessary in the vineyard as any of the other work.

Some who read this may be even now groping through the gloomy vale of Achor, having had the afflicting hand of God laid heavily upon them. If such be the case I would say, kind friends, your case is in the hands of one who would not lay one straw of trouble upon your back more than is for your good. He knows your strength, and sweeter than all, he has trod this way before you.

Are you suffering severe temptation? Does it appear to you that the friends of hell are exhausting their power upon you? Then I would point you to Jesus. See him as he stands in the wilderness with no one nigh save the prince of devils who is using every means he

can to cause his downfall, and know that since he has suffered such a severe test, he knows how to succor us when we are tempted. Are you poor in this world's goods, and are you often tempted to wonder why it is that so many roll in affluence and luxury while you are slowly plodding poverty's vale? Then look again at the Immaculate Son of God. Behold him who, as God, had but to speak and it was done, to command and it stood fast, and yet as he stands upon the earth during his incarnation hear him telling those about him, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." Can you then complain at poverty when you see him who was so rich for our sakes becoming poor?

We could fill pages enumerating different trials and afflictions and showing that Jesus has suffered each. There is no dark nook in the great valley of tribulation which he has not hallowed and sweetened by his presence. Well then might Paul triumphantly exclaim, "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Of course it is natural for us to look with admiration upon Job as he exercised so much patience all through his sore trials. In fact we cannot study his life without envying his firm trust in God even when everything seemed to be against him.

But reader, God's grace is as powerful now, as then, notwithstanding the fact that since that day many centuries have dawned and each in turn has stepped aside to give place to another, yet the protecting care of Jehovah remains fixed and certain. Just as sure as that old tried patriarch came off victorious, just as sure will every one sheltered by the same great rock finally triumph over all temptations, trials and afflictions. Let us then ask God to so strengthen us that we will ever be submissive to his will. To so saturate us with the Spirit of the living God, that whether we lie upon the bed of sickness, or stand by the grave of a loved one, we may in each condition be enabled to say with Job of old, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

Lord, What is Man?

"Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him, or the son of man, that thou makest account of him? Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away." (Psalms cxliv:3, 4.)

Thousands of years have come and gone since this passage was written by David. Empires have been established, rose to the zenith of their power, and like all other productions of man have toppled to the earth; yet these words are still the same; and not only do we have them written in the Bible, but they are, as it were, engraved upon the hearts of all those taught from above. It is the cry of all such, "Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him?" What a wonder it is to every heaven-born soul that God, who is "righteous in all his ways, and holy in all his thoughts," should ever look down upon poor, fallen man, and love him.

"Pause, my soul, adore and wonder;
Ask, oh why such love to me?
Grace hath put me in the number
Of the Savior's family."

It may be very nice to be a member of a family that is very high socially; but when compared with

Christianity all these natural elevations sink into insignificance. The poor beggar, if a child of God, is a thousand times better off than the richest monarch, though he may abound in affluence and luxury, yet having no hope, and without God in the world. We see this clearly illustrated by our blessed Savior in the parable of Lazarus and the rich man. The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously while on earth, but after death he cried for even one drop of water tc cool his parched tongue; while, on the other hand, poor Lazarus, who was full of sores, and almost starving, after passing through the valley of the shadow of death, enjoyed all the felicitous glories of heaven.

In meditating on the goodness and mercy of God, well may we reiterate the words of the apostle Paul, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" for truly his mercies cannot be numbered. If man had ever done anything to merit God's favor, then it would be different; but it is not so. To the contrary, every natural man does all in his power to wander further away from God, if possible. All unregenerate men are alike, in that they will not come to Christ that they might have life. (John v:40). They do not want spiritual life, but choose rather the paths that lead to eternal ruin. The experience of every one who has been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, will, I feel sure, testify to

the truth of this; and with the dear old poet, Joseph Irons, they can say:

"I wandered from him while I could,
Till 'shall come' stopped my feet."

They realize that what they are is by the grace of God; and if they love God it is because he first loved them. No doubt when David said, "Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him! or the son of man, that thou makest account of him!" he was contemplating not only the goodness of God in bestowing so many temporal blessings upon undeserving mankind, but what is far higher, spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus; for although it was many centuries after David's death that our Redeemer took upon himself the nature of man, yet I firmly believe that all the Old Testament saints looked into the future with the eye of faith, and saw Jesus hanging on Calvary's tree, being wounded for their transgressions, and bruised for their iniquities; and they realized that it was with his stripes they were healed; just as we look back nearly nineteen centuries and see him suffering on the cross and crying out, "It is finished."

In attempting to write upon the unmerited love of God to man, words fail us. Language cannot express the ineffable, matchless love of God. We can but repeat the words of inspiration, "Many, oh Lord my God, are thy wonderful works which thou hast done, and thy thoughts which are to us-ward; they cannot be

reckoned up in order unto thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."

That man is like to vanity, and his days as a shadow that passeth away, must be clear to all. We can look around on every side and see men passing away like unto a shadow, both young and old; some languishing upon beds of affliction for years, and so gradually passing away, while others are called away without a moment's warning to try the realities of eternity; and oh what a blessing it is to be prepared to meet God before his judgment bar, clothed not in our own righteousness, which is at best but filthy rags, but having on the shining and spotless robes of our precious Redeemer, which he so graciously wrought out upon Calvary for his people. What a grand thing it will be to be among that number to whom he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." What a solemn thing is eternity for one to meditate upon! What an awful fate awaits all the finally impenitent! And yet, my soul, thou wouldest have been among that number had it not been for the free, electing love of God. All God's children can sing from the very depths of their hearts:

"Jesus sought me when a stranger.
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

They feel that had it not been for the effectual call of the Holy Spirit they would still be blindly staggering along in nature's darkness; and when I say effectual call, I do not mean a gentle influence that can be quenched at will, but the all-powerful invitation, "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." Then it is that the heart of stone is taken away, and a heart of flesh is given; and the owner of the new heart now sees Jesus as the one altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand, and cries out with the psalmist, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." (Psalms lxxiii:25, 26.)

Seeing then that man's life is as a shadow, let us ever be ready to say, "Master, here am I." May we by God's grace be able to say at all times, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation; for God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, that whether we wake or sleep we should live together with him.

I have wandered a good deal from the subject, but hope I have not gone beyond the teaching of the word of God. If I have, forgive me, and remember that all uninspired writings are, like the writer, fallible.

Means Ordained of God.

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, 'Men and brethren what shall we do.'" (Acts ii:37.)

It is thought by some that the men who uttered the above language were accessory to the crucifixion of Christ, because in the preceding verse Peter said, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye crucified, both Lord and Christ." While it is thought by others that they were Jews, and he simply meant that the Jews as a nation had abetted in the crucifixion of Christ by calling for the release of Barrabas at a certain feast when it was the custom to release one prisoner, and demanded that Jesus be crucified. However, be that as it may, one thing is certain, that each of these who were pricked in the heart, with all God's people, helped to put Jesus the blessed Savior to death, in that it was their sins that nailed him to the cross. As the prophet Isaiah said, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Well may we who feel we have an interest in the precious blood of our Immanuel sing:

"Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree:
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree."

No doubt these characters who were pricked in the heart by Peter's preaching, had been to the synagogue many times and heard the Scriptures of eternal truth read, and for ought we know they may have listened to the preaching of the Gospel as it came from the very lips of the Son of God himself, while on earth; but all this had no lasting influence on their hearts until the word came with the spirit and power of God; and then, and not till then, they felt pricked in their hearts. So it is with the conversion of every sinner; he may attend the most sound and faithful ministry all his life; may read the Scriptures incessantly, and still as long as he has not the hearing ear, and the understanding heart, he will be the same careless, cold, depraved creature he has always been, unless the almighty power of God be sent with the word taking away the heart of stone and giving a heart of flesh; making him love the things he once hated and hate the things he once loved; so that now he can say with the psalmist from his heart, "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." (Psalms lxxxiv: 10.)

It would not do for us to say, because it pleased God to bless the apostle Peter's preaching (so that it

pricked the hearts of some of his hearers), that he was dependent upon it in anyway; because that would take away one of the essentials of Jehovah. For if he is dependent upon anything whatever to accomplish his designs, he is no longer a perfect, almighty God. An almighty being must possess power sufficient to do all things of himself without the aid of any one. Neither will it do for us to say that because God is not dependent upon means in any form whatever, he never uses means to bring about certain ends; as that would be running to the other extreme. We have abundant proof in the Holy Scriptures, showing the truth of the following lines:

"His decree who formed the earth,
Fixed my first and second birth:
Parents, native place, and time
All appointed were by him."

God is never at a loss how to do anything he wishes. If there is a poor sinner he wishes to reveal himself unto as the one altogether lovely and the chiefest among ten thousand, and he desires the Gospel to be preached to such an one, although he may be many miles from where the Gospel trumpet is heard, there will always be a needs be sending a servant of God that way; even as there was a needs be that Jesus should go through Samaria to preach glad tidings of great joy to the woman at the well. Will you tell me that it was a mere chance that Jesus happened to be at the well when

the woman came to draw water? No, thank God, there is no contingency with his works; or can we say that the woman came there expecting to see Jesus? I think not. We see plain proof in the narrative, that she, even after Christ had said to her, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." Even then she did not understand him and knew nothing whatever of spiritual water, but thought he had reference to the natural water in the well, for she answered him, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?" But Jesus told her that, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I give him shall never thirst." And she (the words of our blessed Savior being sent into her heart with power) cried out, "Give me this water that I thirst not." There was really no more virtue in the language of Jesus to this woman than in any of his conversation; but the power went with the words opening her heart that she attended unto the things that were spoken. The woman, we are told, after hearing Jesus went her way into the city, and saith to the men, "Come see a man which told me all things that ever I did, is not this the Christ?" "And many of the Samaritans believed on him, for the saying of the woman which testified."

(John iv:39.) Some may say, "But suppose the woman had not testified to the men of Samaria, would they have continued in unbelief and have been eternally lost? And if Peter and the other apostles had not preached to that vast concourse on the day of Pentecost, would those who were pricked in the heart when they heard his words have continued in sin and impenitence without God and without hope in the world?" But thank God there is no such thing as an "if" or suppose in the matter, no chance or happening. We might just as well say, If the world had not been created, what would have happened? Or suppose Christ had not died for his people, as to put an "if" to the very smallest matter whatever, in providence or grace. I believe just as certain as there is a God above who reigns supreme, just so sure is he working all things, from the smallest to the greatest, to his ultimate glory. As the poet says when talking of the wheel of providence:

"Let atheists vainly talk of chance,
I would this wheel adore;
Which rules and guides each circumstance
Which angels can't explore.

Through seas or hills it makes its way,
Though earth and hell oppose;
'Tis hastening on the last great day,
Its wonders to disclose."

We cannot say, as some dc, that there are thousands of souls perishing eternally for whom Christ died, because the Gospel is not preached to them; neither do

we believe that all the preaching ever done or anything else except the atoning blood of our blessed Redeemer can save or wash away the sins of one poor soul; but we must, according to the teachings of the sacred Scripture, believe that it pleases God to bless the means he has ordained to the conversion of sinners. Some have cause to bless God for a certain sickness; others for having the death of some one impressed upon their hearts: some of God's children can quote the very words that were the means by the power of God, of convicting them of their sinfulness, while others have no remembrance of the time or circumstance when God first commenced his work of grace in their hearts. But it is all done by the same almighty power. As the late John M. Watson has well said, "Paul defends the great truth that all means or instrumentalities derive all their efficiency from God, let them be employed by whom they may; against the Armenian notion that their efficiency depends very much upon the amount of human ability with which they are employed. Paul says that preaching is one of the means by which the sinner is to hear the Gospel; but what does Paul's preaching amount to without the direct power of God? To the Jews "a stumbling block," to the Greeks "foolishness," to the unbelieving, a savor of death; hence the apostle's preaching did not prevail in the least without the excellency of power, the demonstration of the spirit; nor

could Armenian powers have given efficiency to it whenever the all prevailing power or assurance of the Holy Spirit was not given. Paul however does not affirm like some of our modern innovators, that means or instrumentalities are not employed in the divine plan of salvation, for he asks: "How shall they hear without a preacher?" (Rom. x:14.) Paul, it is true, preached the Gospel in word only, while the election of God was manifested by the power and assurance of the Holy Spirit imparted to his words, when received by the elect, which apart from that power and assurance would have been received in word only, which it really was by others not embraced in the divine election. (I. Thess. i:4. Old Baptist Test, pages 399 and 400.)

It is argued by some that if God uses means it takes away his glory. But that will not do, as we might just as well say that God did not deserve all the credit for freeing the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, because Moses was used by him to perform all these miracles wrought before Pharaoh. Can we say that because God commanded Moses to smite the rock for water which he did, and water flowed out, that the glory of the miracle belonged to Moses and not to God; or that Elisha deserved the praise for raising the Shunamite's son? (II. Kings iv:32, 34.) Why it would be simply absurd; because while God uses various means (and sometimes wicked men) to carry on his work, yet we

must not give glory to any but him. If I take a knife and slice anything with it, it is not the knife that does the work, but I with the knife; so it is only in a much higher sense with God in using means. The instruments he pleases to use deserve no glory whatever for being used, because they are no better, or more powerful of themselves than others, but the difference is caused by God, and therefore all the credit belongs to him, as Paul says, "Who then is Paul, or who is Apollos but ministers by whom ye believed, even as the Lord gave to every man? I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." (I. Cor. iii:5, 7.) May all the faithful in Christ Jesus by the rich grace of God be enabled to "Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," ever holding to the truths contained in the precious Word of God, not fearing the taunts and jeers of men, and though some on one extreme may call us Armenians, while others may denominate us Antinomians, let us continue to go boldly forward in the cause of our blessed Master. I will close this little article by saying in the language of the noted Augustine, "It availeth not what I say, what you say, what he says, but what saith the Lord."

They Shall Come.

"All that the Father giveth me, shall come to me, and him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi:37.)

In this precious verse of Scripture we find the strong meat and milk of the Gospel blended together in such a manner that all the children of God, from the babe in Christ, to the old veteran of the cross, love the truths it contains.

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." No doubt some of the professed followers of Christ would like it better if he had said, that he desired to save all that the Father gave him, that he would die for them, come into their hearts to woo and beseech them to come unto him, and if they still refused to fall in with the overtures of mercy, he would leave them to be lost after he had done all he could to save them. But no, blessed be God there is no contingency in the matter, it is not may, can or should come, but shall come, and as the poet says:

> "Jehovah's shalls and wills
> Are firm as the everlasting hills.

Some describe God in one way, others in another, and some declare there is no God at all, but notwith-

standing all this the children of God will continue to cry out with David of old, "Our God is in the heavens, he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased; knowing that God hath said, it is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit."

Yes, it is a blessed truth that all the elect, the bride, the Lamb's wife, shall come to Christ in time and acknowledge him as their Lord and Savior, and when the race of this cold world is over, spend a blissful eternity with him where sin, sorrow and death will be no more. Ever since the beginning of time God has been carrying on his work of redemption and will still continue to do so, until the last elect vessel of mercy is transported to the home of all the redeemed. As the poet Joseph Irons has beautifully said in one of his hymns:

"The people of Jehovah's choice,
Are registered on high;
And they shall hear his sovereign voice,
And, by his grace draw nigh.

Far off, depraved, and prone to stray,
But they shall surely come;
For covenant love marks out the way,
And brings the outcast home.

Yes, they shall come, 'tis heaven's decree,
They shall to Jesus bow;
This precious 'shall come' conquered me,
And gives me comfort now."

What a comfort it is for God's people to realize that "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.'" And he not only knows them, but will in his own appointed time bring them all without the loss of one to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Some may say, but suppose these who were given to Christ by God the Father, will not come to Jesus, will they be saved any way whether they want to be or not, and the others (those not given to Christ) be lost, no matter how much they seek for salvation.

No true Baptist believes any such doctrine as that, neither does the Bible teach it. To the contrary, we read in the Scriptures that "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii:17.) At the same time it clearly teaches that no man can or will come to Christ unless he is drawn by the Father. Every unawakened son or daughter of Adam is dead in trespasses and sins, and does not want salvation. Like Baalam, they may say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." (Numbers xxiii:10.) But they only desire this because they dread the eternal punishment they sometimes feel will come upon them after death. Nothing short of a work of grace performed in the heart by the Holy Spirit can enable a person to serve God with a pure motive, that is because they love him, and a service of

God that is prompted by anything else is displeasing in his sight. The children of God do not try to serve him, because they will be rewarded for it, but because God has already done so much for them, as John says in one of his epistles, "We love him because he first loved us." What was it but this free unmerited love of God to man that prompted him to send forth his only begotten Son to bleed and die for poor sinful worms of the dust, that he might redeem them from all iniquity and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works. And not only was he delivered for our offenses, but he was raised again for our justification, nor does the work of salvation cease here, but after enduring the cross, despising the shame he sat down at the right hand of the throne of God there to intercede for those whose sins he bore. When a person who has a great many earthly possessions dies and leaves it all to his heirs, sometimes others will rise up and lay claim to it, or the administrator may be dishonest and cheat the heirs out of their legacy. But thank God there is no mutation or chance connected with the heirship of the elect, for Jesus, our glorious Advocate, sits above on his throne having all power in heaven and on earth, seeing that the words of our text are carried out to the letter, bringing the blind by a way that they knew not, leading them in paths that they have not known, making darkness light before them,

and crooked things straight, and he will continue to do so until all that the Father gave him, shall have come to him. No matter how fast the heart may be closed against Christianity, the Lord can open it as he did Lydia's. True, the unregenerate sinner is dead in trespasses and sins, but the selfsame power that called Lazarus from the tomb, can call the spiritually dead to life. "For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will."

"*And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*" Oh, how careful the Savior was while on earth, not only to command his disciples to feed his lambs as well as sheep, but to set the example himself and nowhere in all the book of inspiration do we find more encouragement to the fearful seeking soul than is contained in these words under consideration. Doubtless there were some Christians listening to Jesus, who truly believed all that were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world would in time believe on him unto salvation, according to the working of his (God's) mighty power, but were fearful that they were not among that favored number; there are many now, in fact almost all when first convicted of sin, really believe in the truth of the first clause of our text, but they feel they are so sinful, so vile that they cannot be among these who were given to Christ by the Father to redeem from all iniquity. It is to just such characters

as these that the latter clause of this verse is especially addressed. Our Savior teaches them in it to discard all fear of not being accepted on account of their sinfulness and says: "Him that cometh to me (no matter who, whether he be Jew or Gentile, bond or free, black or white, rich or poor,) I will in no wise cast out." How nicely this agrees with all the invitations contained in the Scripture as: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." We might go on and fill pages, quoting the beautiful Gospel invitations, some to the hungry and thirsty, others to the blind, halt, and lame. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; Christ himself says: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." It is a blessed truth that none have ever yet, (and never will) come to Christ and be turned away empty. He who by his grace prompts the sinner to pray, waits to answer prayer, hence it is written: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Oh, what an encouragment there is in the word of God for every poor sinner who feels any true desire at all for the Savior's presence in his heart; the Scriptures abound in telling such an one that his desire is not

natural, but is planted there by the Holy Spirit, and "he which hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Let us, who feel true sorrow for sin, ask ourselves the question, was it always thus? Could we always with Paul cry out: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I think all who have these feelings will, with me, have to admit that there was a time when they had no concern about their soul's eternal welfare, when they were thinking of nothing but worldly matters. And so each one who feels this change can say, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." Thus giving all glory of their salvation to the triune, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Debt.

Debt is one of the greatest curses of the present age. Time would fail me to tell of the restless nights, and broken hearts, and the black dishonesty brought about by this treacherous serpent. I give it this name, because, like the rattlesnake, it has a very fascinating appearance, but its fangs are full of venom.

The Scriptures, our infallible guide, are quite positive upon this subject, there is no ambiguity whatever in the expression, "Owe no man anything." Many try to explain away this passage by telling us that it means pay your debts when they are due, but I think the late C. H. Spurgeon has the true idea, when he says that; "the sense of the quotation is," that we should have no debts to become due. I am confident that money would be more plentiful, trade better and failure and dishonesty much less prevalent, if it were the motto of every one to "pay as he goes."

All who are in business know what a strong hold the principle of going in debt has gained upon the masses. Why, there are actually some people who could not enjoy life if they were to obey Paul's exhortation to "owe no man anything." This class has be-

come so accustomed to contracting debts that it is second nature to them to buy on credit.

Where is the man who will not purchase at least just a little recklessly if he is buying on a term of credit? This is human nature. We look into the future and we reason thus: "Well, the crops are looking fine, and the season seems propitious, so it will not be at all risky to buy this little thing." Then after awhile more expensive articles will be purchased. The season closes and perhaps the harvest is quite scanty, so much so that not enough has been made to pay off, and the man who possibly would not, for the world, cause harm to anyone, is by his nonpayment forcing bankruptcy and ruin to stare his merchant in the face.

If however, our condition is such that we seem compelled to let the evil habit of debt-making obtain a little hold on us, we should, as soon as possible, loosen his grip. That is, we should make strenuous effort to pay up all we owe whenever it falls due. And until this is done, all the property that we possess should be regarded as not belonging to us, but as held in trust by us until the claims of our creditors are satisfied.

While I would do all in my power to incite every one to strive to fulfill all his obligations, I wish with all the earnestness I can command, to urge every one to be sure to pay for his church paper, so that with a clear conscience and a fearless eye, he can look the editor in

the face, and know he is not the cause of the financial strain he may be under.

Some good brethren seem to think that the debt for their church paper is something for which they may defer payment until they have bought everything they want and happen to have a sum of money left over. These things ought not to be. If the date upon the wrapper of our paper is a very ancient one, we should feel a sense of shame until we have made a noble effort to pay up to date: and, if possible, one year in advance. There is hardly ever a subscriber, be he ever so poor, who cannot subscribe for his denominational paper and keep the date upon the wrapper always in the future. Where is the man that does not spend for things, with which he could well dispense, enough to pay for at least one or two subscriptions? If many of the delinquents knew in what an awkward position, financially, it placed the editor, to have a large sum of money, of which he is in need, due him, I am confident they would strain every nerve to pay up.

Good Works.

"Faith without works is dead." (James ii:26.)

We see by the above language, that for a man to profess to have faith in Christ and at the same time not delight in the law of God, is a contradiction. It is just as natural for all the truly faithful to love to serve God as it is for a fish to crave water; for in regeneration the spiritual man is born from above, and the Bible, in unequivocal language, says, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin because he is born of God." (I. John iii:9.) Not that the saint never commits sin, but rather the inner man, or that which is regenerated, never sins but always abhors wrong in any form. For this reason there is continual warfare in the Christian's bosom, between the flesh, which is not changed until the resurrection and the Spirit; as Paul describes it, "For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind." (Rom vii:22, 23.) But, blessed be God, while it is true that in the flesh dwells no good thing, yet, through grace, the Christian's life is a glorious victory over sin. In other words, notwithstanding

the fact that the saint has the same evil propensities that he always had, yet, through the Spirit of God dwelling in him, he is enabled, to a large extent, to keep in subjection his carnal nature and live a godly life.

In this age we see much profession with, it is to be feared, but little vital godliness. Religion, in the estimation of many, seems to be merely a thing of fashion; numbers professing godliness to be popular with their associates, while others join the church simply to advance their money-making interests. What would our fathers, a century ago, have thought, to see those who claim to have the love of God in their hearts, sitting around stores and gossiping rather than go to the house where prayer is wont to be made; or contaminating the hands they claim are consecrated to God, by handling and playing with cards whose history is as black as perdition and smeared with blood and crime on every page; or to see them always ready to tell some yarn or indecent joke, while the Scriptures command us to leave off all filthy conversation?

What business have God's children in the ball room? True, they may not dance, but whenever they willfully frequent such places they are sanctioning the unholy practice, which is justly calculated to entice from the path of moral rectitude. It is the same with regard to many other worldly practices which, at the first glance, seem to be harmless, but when we take off the deceitful

and glittering coat, they are seen in their true light. The Scriptures command us to avoid the very appearance of evil; hence, the necessity of carefulness in our walk before men is apparent.

We may make a profession of religion, but if there is no change of heart, effecting a change of life, we are either deluded or practicing hypocrisy. The Savior, when upon earth, said: "By their fruits ye shall know them," and this truth comes to us with just as much force to-day. When we see an apple tree bearing fruit we judge of its kind by the production. Not that its bearing this kind of fruit makes it an apple tree, but it bears apples *because it is an apple tree*, and it is natural for it to bear fruit after its kind. So it is, only in a much higher sense, regarding Christianity. If the stony heart is taken away and a heart of flesh is given, there will always be a change of life. The things once hated will now be loved and *vice versa*.

Kind reader, let us pause for a moment, and, by self examination, try to ascertain upon what foundation we are standing. There are but two conditions spiritually, and we must be in one of these. We are either *saved* or *unsaved*. We may be church members and deceive ourselves as well as others, but one thing is certain; when we come into the presence of Almighty God, no mere *head knowledge* of the doctrines of grace, no profession of religion or pleading of ignorance will

avail aught. At that solemn moment nothing but the righteousness of Jesus will stand the test of God's infinite law; and, unless we are in him, then all pleading will be fruitless. The divine edict has gone forth, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." (Rom. iii:20.) And so it is evident that our works or self-righteousness will not do to depend upon. We may live a moral life, but nothing short of Jesus' precious blood will merit for us eternal salvation.

My prayer is that God may enable us, by his Spirit, to cry from the heart:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Wages of Sin—Gift of God.

[I find amongst my brother's papers the following remarks, which were made by him at the close of a sermon on Romans vi:23.—*B. C.*]

We have clearly seen by the light of this precious volume, that death, in all its varied forms, comes as the wages of sin, and that all spiritual blessings are the free and gracious gifts of Jehovah, through the atoning sacrifice of his ever to be adored son, Jesus Christ.

Now, my dear friends, let each of us turn the eye of examination within and make the matter personal, so as to see which part of this text applies to us individually. We are, *even at this moment*, either earning wages under the Prince of Darkness, or we are enjoying the free gift of salvation from the bountiful hand of heavenly love.

Beloved, 'tis a sweet thought to realize that, while "the wages of sin is death," yet the gift of God is eternal life. Well may we take our harps down from the willows and join with all the redeemed in chanting songs of praise, since our precious counselor and advocate has conquered sin, death and hell, and now stands at the right hand of the Majesty on high, to plead for those whose sins he bore.

We, whose hopes are centered in God, whose feet are standing firm upon the Rock of Ages, whose names are enrolled in the Book of Life, may walk through the valley of the shadow of death without a fear, since now no sting is there for us; we may lay down in the cold and narrow grave and fear no evil, for its bands have been burst, so that it, too, hath no dominion over us.

Should Children be Taught the Holy Scriptures.

[N. B.—My brother was prompted to write this article because the Old School Baptist Church, of which he was then a member, was made up largely of enemies to the "Sunday School" in any form whatever. —*B. C.*]

This is a question which must present itself to every one who fully believes in the inspiration of the Bible: but it seems to me that it comes with still more force to those who have children of their own who are near and dear to them; for whose welfare they would almost lay down their lives.

We want to notice in this little article, first: What the Scriptures say regarding the matter; and then see what good is likely to accrue from the practice. The first is certainly the most important; for it matters not how good and promising a doctrine or practice may appear to be, if it is contrary to the teachings of God's most sacred word, it should be discarded. We should at all times have the spirit of the noted Augustine, when he said, "It availeth not what I say, what you say, what he says; but what saith the Lord." So then we will turn "to the law and to the testimony," and see if they speak according to this word. In Deut.

iv:10, we hear God commanding Moses to "Gather me the people together, and I will make them hear my words, that they may learn to fear me all the days that they shall live upon the earth, and that they may *teach their children.*" In Deut. xxxii:46, we read, "And he (Moses) said unto them, set your hearts unto all the words which I testify among you this day, *which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the words of this law.*" See also the sixth chapter and seventh verse of this same book. I might thus go on and fill pages quoting Scripture proving beyond a doubt that it is not only the privilege of God's people to teach their children the letter of the Bible but it is a duty which should not be shirked. Where could we find language plainer on the subject and less shrouded in obscurity, than is recorded in the 12th and 13th verses of the 31st chapter of Deuteronomy—"Gather me the people together, men and women and children and the stranger that is within thy gates; that they hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God and observe to do all the words of this law; and that their children which have not known, may hear and learn to fear the Lord your God." Of course we who hold to the Bible doctrine of salvation by grace and man's total depravity do not believe any person can teach another, no matter how young or aged he may be, the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ; because

that comes alone by divine revelation. As Jesus said unto Peter, when he asserted that Jesus was "the Christ, the son of the living God"—"Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." But that children can and should be instructed in the letter of the Bible is a fact which cannot be refuted; and that is what these Scriptures just quoted have reference to. Almost every one of the inspired writers have something to say regarding the matter; but oh how I fear the subject is being neglected among the people of truth to-day. How many old Baptist homes can we find now where the father or mother make a practice of gathering their dear little children around them and engaging in family worship? How often could we hear parents pleading with God in the presence of their children, for guidance and strength, that they may be enabled to heed the injunction of Paul "to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," looking unto God at all times for grace and power to perform the duty. And while we realize our inability to produce faith in the heart or cause by any power we have, one person to become wise unto salvation; let us look beyond the power of finite man, and pray that God may be pleased to send his Holy Spirit to open the heart, and then the Scriptures will produce wisdom unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ. We are

natural and can produce but natural results. How few men and women are there now of whom it could be said as it was of Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ," True many children are being taught, what is called the word of God; but much of the teaching which passes now for Gospel, would if weighed in the balances of God's eternal truth, be found not only wanting, but spurious, in that peace is proclaimed, when there is no peace; and the wall is, as Ezekiel described it; daubed with untempered mortar. In these hotbeds of free will, children are made to believe that God is not an all-powerful being as the Scriptures so plainly testify. So by these false teachers the scepter of supreme power is wrenched from the hands of God, and the issues between life and death are placed with puny finite man, while the Book of inspiration clearly states: "He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." (Psalms lxviii:20.) I think enough Scripture has been quoted to show that teaching children the word of God was not only commanded in the days of inspiration, *but was practiced by the people of God at that time* and therefore for these reasons alone it should be done by them now.

I promised in the opening to say something of the good which is likely to attend the practice, and of

course, in so small an article, I will not be able to dwell on this part of the subject in all its fulness. It has been said that a Roman Catholic priest once made the following assertion: "Give me the rearing of your children until they are 9 years of age and I care not who has them afterward." There is, in my opinion, a great deal to be learned from this; namely: The importance of proper training for children during the tender years of infancy, when their minds are so like wax to receive impressions and so like marble to retain them. It is an old, and in many instances, truthful maxim, "As a twig is bent, so the tree inclines," and I am not fearful of refutation in saying that almost every natural man, no matter who he be, has the same conceptions regarding God's word, that he formed before the age of maturity; of course there are some exceptions, but I think they will be found very rare. How important, then, is it that children be taught the grand moral truths contained in God's word which will help to guide their feet in the paths of truth and equity, and which will also counteract the enormous deadly flood of immorality, profanity and dishonesty, which they will be bound to encounter throughout life's journey.

Do not let us settle down and endeavor to put the matter from our minds by persuading ourselves that children will, without aid or teaching, grow up in the right path; for such is not the case. Judging from all

appearances this has been tried enough by many, and a complete failure has been the result. I have actually heard members of the church almost brag about not taking their sons or daughters to a place of worship and not talking to them at all on religious subjects. We see many children of Old Baptists who plainly show by their conversation and actions that the wholesome teachings of the Book of inspiration are unknown to them. Taking all these things into consideration, need we be surprised at seeing the children of true Christians going off into immorality, profanity and in some cases infidelity? What else could we expect? The reason why so many of the children of Old Baptists, even after conversion, join other denominations is because their parents have never taught them the blessed truths of Christianity when young; and perhaps if they attended the Old Baptist ministry they would go away disgusted at seeing the preacher manifest the spirit of anti-Christ in abusing others instead of preaching the Gospel. Brethren and sisters, let us take more interest in the children. Every man is one of two things; either a skeptic or a believer in the inspiration of the Bible. And the things inculcated during childhood have much to do with making him one of these things. It may be argued that children brought up in vice and immorality often reform and make good men and women; and on the other hand, those reared with care and attention sometimes make the most wicked people.

Of course in some instances this is true, and, if it were not so, the old adage "There are exceptions to every rule," would be false. But if the training of children does not have much to do with their after life, then the wise man was mistaken when he said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. XXII:6.)

Even if the teaching of the Scripture is not accompanied by the regenerating power of God opening the hearts of those taught that they may attend unto the things that are spoken, it will accomplish no small amount of good. How pleasant it is to see a child well behaved in church; truthful, and honest; respecting its elders; conversant with Bible teachings; shunning all manner of vice; in other words, "Brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." How nice it is to see a man, be he young or old, favorable toward Christianity, respecting religious worship; one who can converse without bringing out an oath with almost every utterance, and who is respected by all for his integrity, sobriety and honesty. These things are many times brought about by the inculcation in childhood of the principles taught in God's word So let us, who have been made the recipients of God's free and matchless love, and who have the welfare of his cause at heart, seek all the opportunities we can of teaching to every creature the glorious principles of truth found in the Scriptures.

Some may say, "If I believed like you, I would at once be in favor of Sunday Schools." Well before I answer, it will have to be explained what is meant by Sunday Schools." If the meeting together of men, women and children at stated times to read, meditate upon and teach God's most sacred word is meant, I will have to plead guilty to the charge of believing in Sunday Schools. But if is meant some of the modern institutions where children are taught false doctrine, then we would have to be excused. It is not when or where children are taught which is of any importance; *but what they are taught is that about which there should be concern.* I pray God that the time may come when the churches of truth in this country will take more interest in the teaching of children God's word as they do in England. There they have Sunday Schools where children are made acquainted with the Bible; they are taught the condition all men are in by nature, and that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ cannot be acquired by any human being, neither savingly taught to any one by finite man; but comes alone by revelation from God. It may be argued by some that there is nothing in the Bible to uphold such a practice, but that is a mistake as I have clearly proven from the Scriptures that it is the duty of all Christians to do what they can towards teaching the truths of God's word to both young and old; and as I said in the opening of this article when or where that teaching is done, or what it is called is of no importance; the principal

thing being *what is taught*. There are some Old Baptists who would not think of taking part in or even fellowshiping a Sunday School no matter how scripturally conducted, and yet these same persons will send or permit their dear children to go to Sunday Schools where many of the leading truths of God's word are either held back or denied. They may be right in such procedure, but I fail to see it. How much better it would be to send them, or better still to take them, where you know nothing but pure Bible truth will be promulgated. Fathers send their children to public schools to study, and there they are taught profane history written by finite man, who is ever liable to err. How much more important should it be then for our children to be taught the sacred history, written by inspired men as the Spirit gave them utterance and which we know to be authentic. And while it is true we can only teach the natural history or letter of the Bible, let us pray God to send the power of his Holy Spirit with the teaching that those we are instructing may be spiritually taught of the Lord. Oh, may God in his matchless love and wisdom give all his people grace enabling them to obey the command of God as recorded in the 18th and 19th verses of the eleventh chapter of Deuteronomy, "Therefore ye shall lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul. * * * And ye shall teach them to your children; speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Pastors.

Many times in God's word pastors are compared to shepherds, and to understand how clearly the true shepherd represents every God sent pastor, it becomes necessary to know something of sheep raising in the East.

The point that I especially wish to emphasize in this article is that the life of the shepherd is inseparably connected with his flock. He does not do as the shepherds with whom we are familiar, that is put the sheep in the fold at night and go away to some comfortable house and lay upon his couch while his flock, as best it can, lives through the dangers of darkness. We see, then, that one man could not possibly be the shepherd of two flocks at the same time, for while he was keeping the wolves from one the other might be destroyed. Now, in my opinion, *in like manner no man can be the pastor of more than one church.*

Do not understand me to mean that a minister can dispense the word of truth to only one church, no indeed, he can supply the pulpits of many, but, brethren, this is not being a pastor.

Suppose that a man, at stated times, say once or twice a month, goes to a flock of sheep, feeds them,

notices how they are getting along, and then leaves, could we call him the shepherd of this flock? Most assuredly we could not. Yet it would be just as consistent for us to do so as to call a minister the pastor of a church who supplies the pulpit two or three days in every month. I am afraid that among our denomination there are many who do not fully comprehend the duties of pastoral work.

First, in my humble judgment, it is absolutely necessary that the pastor reside with his flock, that is, where he can visit them, notice their lives and conversation, and see in what points they need instruction and along what line rebuke is necessary. He should mingle with his people, preach to them in their parlors by a chaste conversation, and proclaim the beauties of redeeming love by a godly walk that his flock may see him and follow in his footsteps.

Among the English Strict and Particular Baptists the supply system is used quite extensively. A church will invite a preacher to supply her pulpit, mind you not call him for her pastor, but simply invite him to preach; and sometimes the same minister will thus proclaim the truth every Sunday for them for a long time. This supply system is doubtless abused by a few churches which are financially able to support a pastor, but it is a very good thing in some respects, because through it many churches have the truth dispensed in their pulpits

which would otherwise be destitute of preaching. Now the great trouble with us in America is that we too have the supply system, but we don't seem to know it; we, as churches, often call a man to fill the pulpit perhaps once a month, and look upon him as pastor of the church or churches to which he is preaching.

If this practice of one minister being regarded as the pastor of several churches be wrong, it must certainly manifest itself by its effects, according to the old proverb, "A tree is known by its fruits." Let us then look briefly at a few of the results of this system. *First, it has encouraged churches to become careless in regard to the support of the ministry.* A church calls a pastor to serve her, say one Saturday and Sunday in every month, and each member reasons very much in this manner: "Yes, I believe in supporting the ministry, Oh, yes! I can't conceive how any man can be a Christian and not hold that ministers should be well paid; now our pastor devotes two days in each month to the service of our church, that's twenty-four days every year; well I think that we ought, say in a church with a membership of fifty or one hundred, to get him up at least from twenty-five to thirty dollars a year. Do you, brethren, think that God will prosper a church which is lifting its arm of rebellion against him in this manner. The Scriptures declare that they which are of the Gospel shall live of the Gospel, and yet many of our churches which are

sufficiently strong to call a pastor to live among them, devote all his time, talent and energy to their service, are content with having a Saturday and Sunday meeting in each month and giving him in return a mere pittance expecting him to serve other churches and engage in secular business for a living.

Would to God that our churches would wake up to their true condition, and if they are, in the biblical sense of the word, pastorless, may they cry mightily unto God for an under shepherd and be ever ready to hold up his hands both by their spiritual and material assistance. *A second trouble, which must follow the first mentioned, is that God's ministers are prevented from devoting their whole time to the ministry.* It is very easy for a person to discuss at length whether or not it is right for preachers to engage in secular business, but permit me to say that no one can answer this question rightly save the minister himself. No one knows his situation but the omniscient One. Many a one of God's servants is placed in an extremely awkward position. His heart is heavy with the thought, "Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel;" his zeal with unabating fire tells him to throw up every business tie and go into the ministerial work untrammeled; but upon every hand he sees churches not doing their duty by their pastors, he witnesses the hardships endured by the families of many preachers, he looks into the eyes of his loving

wife, he takes the hands of his trusting children and to his dazed mind comes the declaration of the living God, "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Now what can he do? He must not cease to proclaim the glories of the cross to a dying world! No, never! Better lose his life! Neither can he rise above the ties of his family.

There is then but one thing to be done. He must depend upon a secular calling for his support, and while he may serve ever so many churches, yet he can never be a true pastor in the full meaning of the word.

In conclusion, note the result of these two evils which have, to a large extent, grown out of the churches failing to fully comprehend what it requires to make a pastor. The result is *the scarcity of consecrated, God-fearing ministers*. Ought we to be surprised at God's not sending to the churches men after his own heart, so long as those whom he has sent are not provided for? Is it any wonder that more men are not impressed to preach when so many who have been called are holding on to the fishing tackle with one hand while with the other they beckon the tempest tossed to come to the ark of safety?

Jesus Christ, when upon earth, said: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye

therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Now if God's people neglect this command, by being content with one pastor for three or four churches, if they refuse to pray for more laborers, and they cannot consistently pray for more until they treat those which they have in a Scriptural manner, would it not be strange for many more devoted servants to be placed in the field?

When shall we, as a people, fully realize that to petition for a thing which we do not strive to acquire is mockery? When shall we learn that a prayer for God to station upon the walls of Zion, men who will not fail to blow the trumpet with a certain sound, for a man who does not liberally give of his means for ministerial support is in God's ears as the "sounding of brass or the tinkling of a cymbal?" In other words, will ever the time come when we can feelingly say with James, "Faith without works is dead, being alone?"

My earnest prayer is that God may arouse us to such zeal and activity that no church will feel satisfied until she has a pastor settled among her members, untrammeled by worldly occupation, and well supported by both prayer and purse.

Anti-Missionaries.

I know of no religious order, no matter how strongly missionary it may be, which does not have among its membership some who are opposed to mission work; and one of the reasons they give is that they believe that all the heathen who are in ignorance of the Gospel will be saved because of their ignorance. But I find no place in the Scriptures to justify such a belief, but very much against it. Jesus plainly said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark xvi:16.) He did not say that unbelievers will be damned if they never heard the Gospel so that they were without excuse; but without any proviso whatever he said, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Paul also says, in writing to the church at Rome, "For as many as have sinned without law shall also perish without law; as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law." And again when he stood up so boldly on Mars Hill and preached to the idolatrous Athenians he said to them, "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." I firmly believe that everyone, whether he be white or black, bond or free, young or old, no matter whether he has heard the Gospel or not, who dies without repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will be *eternally lost.*

Some of our anti-missionaries will argue that if there

are any of the elect in heathen darkness God will save them without even hearing anything whatever (with their natural ears) about Christ. I can agree with them in that all the redeemed, no matter who or where they may be, will be saved; and they may be right that God will save them without them ever hearing of Christ, but I cannot see it that way. In fact I know of no verse in the Bible to support such an idea, and whenever I hear any one advocate that theory I cannot keep from asking some questions Paul asks, and which never have been nor never can be satisfactorily answered, *i. e.*, "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall he preach except he be sent?"

Another subterfuge much used by some of this class is the argument that the great commission given by Christ to his disciples was fulfilled by them, and in consequence of this it has gone out of force; in other words because it was fulfilled by them it does not have to be fulfilled by us at this age. Abundant Bible proof could be adduced that this theory is false, but it is so puerile and absurdly ridiculous that any one at a glance can see its unscripturalness, and hence it would be wasting time and paper to refute it. I will say, however, that if the commission was not given to us as much as to the apostles, Christ would not have followed it up by saying, "And lo I am with you always even unto the end of the world." (See Matt. xxviii: 18-20.)

Societies.

No subject can be mentioned on which there are not a number of extremists; aud this is no exception to the rule.

The majority are now completely carried away with the society-craze, as a writer has well said, "When a man feels impressed to do any good work instead of proceeding to accomplish it, he organizes a society."

It is certainly necessary, in this age, for ministers to have a good memory, because it requires one to announce the meetings of the different societies now appended to the average church. What with the Aid, Endeavor, Christian Union, and other societies and associations, if one does his duty (?) in being present at all these organizations but little time is left for attending the old fashioned prayer meeting which has always been blessed for much good, and the regular preaching of the Gospel, which under God's blessing produces benefits hardly to be over estimated. Surely a church is standing upon a sandy foundation when it becomes necessary to endeavor to link together worldly pleasure and religious worship to hold the young people. And yet this is just what is being done to a large extent in

many of the church societies of modern times. Now the fact that these things are so, is not a reason why we should plunge headlong into the errors of many of our ultra-brethren in condemning all societies, no matter for what they are organized. It is a stain on the history of the Baptists of the nineteenth century, that many claiming to be primitive in origin, scriptural in doctrine, and Christ-like in practice, have become so obstinate in their extreme view that they have, in a peremtory manner, declared "non-fellowship for all the religious institutions of the day, including Sunday Schools, Bible and Tract societies, and all benevolent organizations,"

Let us hope that those who sent forth to the world this sentiment, as belonging in any sense to Christianity, did not know the meaning of the word benevolent. It is derived from the Latin, *benevolens* or *bene*, well; and *volo* to wish, or will, and the definition as given by Webster is: "Having a disposition to do good; possessing love to mankind, and a desire to promote their prosperity and happiness." Does the spirit of Christianity prompt to this act of misanthropy? Can a precedent be found anywhere within the sacred lids of inspiration? Of course you answer, no. Jesus Christ is the greatest philanthropist that ever lived. While he was on earth he was continually going about doing acts of benevolence. In fact his whole life was spent in

doing good to others. Shall we, then, condemn any who now try to follow him, in this respect, even though they may do good in the capacity of a society?

I maintain that an institution of charity, organized for the sole purpose of benefiting mankind, is good and should be assisted by all who can do so. Bible societies are also very useful; they annually send forth thousands of copies of God's Holy Word undarkened by erroneous teaching. Shall we, because much that is now taught for Gospel is unscriptural, arraign ourselves against a movement to circulate the pure word of God, which is able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ?

This extreme mandate; sent forth by so many Old School Baptists, was brought about by their endeavoring to avoid the error of putting too much trust in societies, and not enough in the power of God. But in doing this they have over-stepped the mark, and have gone into ultraism equally as unscriptural as the society-craze, and certainly much more harmful.

My prayer is that God may wake up his people to the Christian zeal and activity of former ages; and through the power of his Spirit cause them to ever walk in the footprints of Jesus, doing good unto all men, but especially to the household of faith.

Creeds.

Whenever you hear a man begin to oppose creeds, look out! for in almost every instance he has some erroneous doctrine to advocate and a creed founded upon the Bible stands as an inseparable barrier to the growth of his heresy.

If no one tried to warp and explain away portions of God's word, then we might talk of abolishing creeds. But as long as all denominations and sects claim to stand upon the same rock of truth, how can clear unequivocal declarations of doctrines be dispensed with? If the plain statements of Scripture without explanation were the test of fellowship, then in the same church we would have the Calvinist and Arminian, the Trinitarian and Unitarian, the Protestant and Catholic. Indeed the history of such a church would be one long list of bitter disputes and contentions, and no time whatever would be left for the service of thy great giver of all good.

To say that creeds and confessions of faith are objectionable because they circumscribe divine truths and are of man, is very poor argument, for the same course of reasoning will apply equally as well to the proclamation of God's word from the pulpit. If we are to abol-

ish all creeds because they add to the Bible, then we must also, to be consistent, call in the credentials of every minister and forbid anyone to give expositions of the Scriptures in our churches.

I firmly believe that every Gospel church should have a "confession of faith" so plain and positive in its statements, that no one holding to erroneous tenets, whether they be Arminian or Fatalistic, will ever claim to stand thereon.

We ought not to worship our creed instead of God, nor substitute it for the Bible, but we should have one simply to do away with needless contentions and disputations.

Undue Care.

We are told by the psalmist, "He giveth to the beast his food and to the young raven which cry." Which clearly shows God's care of the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. This one fact alone should be sufficient to forever banish the worrying and anxiety to which we are so prone to give way. There are some people who are always carrying about with them three classes of burdens, i. e., those of yesterday, those of to-day, and looking forward with dark anticipation they borrow those of to-morrow, thus increasing three-fold their troubles; when Christ plainly says: "Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is the height of folly for even the worldling to look forward continually for troubles which never come.

We need only to carry the burdens of to-day. But blessed be God, the Christian does not have to do that since he has a burden bearer who is able to carry all the troubles of his people and who has said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." It behooves the child of God, then, to fol-

low the advice of Peter: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." Let us, brethren and sisters, be careful to avoid unnecessary grumbling and peevish discontent. By looking on the bright side everyone will not only make his own life brighter, but others also will feel the benefit by being cheered as they walk through the valley of trouble.

It is related that a gentleman, while taking a walk, met a little boy with a basket of beautiful blackberries. He looked at the youth and said: "How do you do, Sammy? Where did you get such fine berries?" "Over there in the briers," the boy answered. "Your mother will be pleased with them, will she not?" asked the man. "Oh, yes," replied the boy, mother is always pleased when I hold up the berries and say nothing of the briers in my feet." The man went his way, resolving from that day to always look on the bright side, and to "Hold up the berries, but say nothing about the briers."

Failings of the Ancient Worthies.

Skeptics love to rejoice over the misdeeds of the ancient worthies, and cannot understand why they were recorded upon the sacred page, but not so with the spiritually taught soul; he knows that all Scripture "given by inspiration of God is profitable." When we read of the failings of Noah, the sins of David, and the fall of Peter, we realize that if men so great in godliness made missteps and were afterwards led back into the path of rectitude, surely we too shall be kept by the same gracious power, which caused a penitent David to cry out, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God!" and which made the tears of contrition flow from the eyes of sorrowful Peter.

The Christian's meditating upon the sins of the old Patriarchs, does not in the least tend to licentiousness, but it is rather an incentive to greater effort to live godly in Christ Jesus, for if men of such prominence in the Christian life acted, at times, imprudently, how plainly ought it to teach us that humanity is too weak, spiritually, to stand alone, and that our security is in God himself; and in consequence of this we will be more watchful in our lives, ever remembering the exhor-

tation of the apostle Paul, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Child of God, have you not at times thought over your failings and sins until they have seemed to rise before you like mountains? Have you not upon such occasions often felt that you were so weak that all your efforts to live godly were vain, and has not Satan then tempted you to give up in despair? It is in these seasons of felt weakness and inability to maintain as high standard of Christianity as we desire, that the Holy Spirit often leads us to a meditation of our subject, and causes us to feel that as Israel of old was remembered in tender mercy, notwithstanding her frequent disobedience, so God will not cast us away, although we have sinned against his holy name. We then sweetly realize that while we, in our own weakness, often stumble, yet through the unchangeable love of God we shall not be utterly cast down; and with renewed energy and strengthened hope, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, we press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Numbers of people are constitutional grumblers about the weather. It is almost always, in the opinion of this class, too wet or too dry, too hot or too cold. And when the weather is so perfectly agreeable that no possible chance for complaining can be found, the beauty of the sunshine of to-day is lost sight of, either by look-

ing back at the unpleasant weather of yesterday, or by anticipating the clouds of to-morrow. Kind reader, let us examine ourselves in regard to this matter, and if we are among that number who dishonor the name of Jehovah by their chronic weather-grumbling, let us *right about face*, and let us from this time forth remember that upon the most gloomy day behind the clouds the sun still shines. By thus doing we shall forget the clouds of the present in anticipation of the sunshine of the future.

Many Members—One Body.

"For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." (Rom. xii:4, 5.)

If the apostle Paul had searched through all nature he could not have found a more appropriate simile than the above to show forth the strong and indissoluble ties which bind the church to her glorious head, Jesus Christ. And in this, not only does he illustrate the oneness of Christ and his church, but also the union of all her members. Physiology teaches that in our body there is what is known as the sympathetic nervous system, that is, there is such an arrangement of the nerves that each part of the body is so closely bound to every other part that if one member suffer all through this sympathetic system suffer with it. We know this to be true by experience. When a finger is bruised, we not only suffer in the particular spot which is hurt, but the effect of the acute pain is instantly felt in other parts of the body. Now, Paul says that as we have many members in one body and all members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ

and members one of another. God, in the creation of man, as in all his works, clearly manifested infinite wisdom. Each part of the body is especially fitted for its particular office, and each member is dependent upon the others. The hands cannot be used for walking, neither can the feet be used with such adroitness as the hands in performing tasks; and even the brain, the seat of the mind, the ruler of all the organs of our system, is of no use unless nourished and supported by the body. It is just so in regard to the church. She also has different kinds of members and each one is especially adapted to his office. There should be no vain glorying, no lording it over God's heritage, because, as in the natural body so it is in the spiritual, each member is dependent upon the others. The church could not get along very well without the ministry, because God has given it to her and ordained her success to come through the preaching of his eternal truth, neither could the ministry be successful without the laity as it would then have none to comfort or to edify. This simile also teaches that the ministry should be supported by the church, for as it is ordered in nature that the brain be nourished and supported by the rest of the body, so in the economy of grace it is ordained that the ministry be loosed from all secular employment, that they may give themselves wholly to the work. In other words they that are of the Gospel should live of the Gospel. A

member of a church who is able to support the cause and yet refuses, occupies the self-same position as the minister who is called of God to preach but refuses to do so because he is not sufficiently paid. Each is decidedly wrong. Of course when a man is called to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ he ought to do so though he never receive a penny from anyone, but at the same time, if a church is financially able she should call a pastor and support him by her material substance, and when I say able I do not mean that to be able you are to have sufficient means to purchase everything you wish for yourself and then have some surplus left over.

Oh, no, it does not require all that to constitute financial ability. In fact, I doubt not but that God is more pleased with the gifts, though they be ever so small, which cause a sacrifice to be made than he is with those which require no sacrifice.

The New Birth.

Nothing is more apparent, in the plan of salvation than the absolute necessity of regeneration before any of the spiritual blessings of God can be received. Christ enunciated one of the grandest truths ever revealed to mankind, when he said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." No reformation will do to substitute for the new birth, although the former is always produced by the latter.

As long as the source of a stream is impure, but little hope may be entertained of obtaining therefrom, pure water. And so it is with the sinner; as long as the heart is unchanged it is a sink of sin, and in consequence, continually sends forth a stream of impure actions. If such an one were carried to the home of the blest in this condition, it would not be home to him, no more than the church is a home for him here, which of course it is not. The poet beautifully expresses this theme:

"Can any marvel when 'tis said, 'Thou must
Be born again,' thou votary of dust?
Thou, enter heaven! Oh no, it cannot be!
Nor, if thou coulds't, would heav'n be heav'n to thee.
And thou, gay worldling who, perchance dost find,

Thine happiness in pleasures more refined;
Yet pleasures which proceed alone from earth,
Thou, too, must be the subject of this birth!
And thou, give ear, selfrighteous Pharisee!
Jesus, this word addresseth too, to thee.
Methinks I hear thee own that it is just,
That thus it should be with thee, slave of lust;
But thou dost deem the doctrine passing strange,
That thou must be the subject of this change!
What! must thou, like the vilest among men,
Ere thou cans't enter heav'n, be "born again?
And must the humbling lesson yet be learn'd?
That heav'n cannot, by all the works, be earn'd?
It must, oh Pharisee, no more deceive
Thy soul; the 'spiders' web' which thou dost weave,
Shall ne'er a garment make, nor form a dress,
To hide from God thy native nakedness."

Danger Ahead.

What would we think of an engineer, who, while traveling at good speed, sees ahead a signal of danger, and refuses to notice the warning, but dashes on to death? Doubtless we would all say that such a man was virtually a suicide; because, when he had been told of the peril which awaited him, he would not stop, but madly pursued his course, and thus ended his life.

Now, this is the exact condition of every unbeliever. He, too, is traveling as swiftly as the wings of time can carry him; ahead of him, and all around him, are signals of danger. If he looks above at the matchless splendor of the sun, he is reminded that, when that bright luminary shall have sunk out of sight in the west, he will be one day nearer the judgment bar of God. If he meditates upon the duration of human life, as observation has taught him that death is the common lot of all, he can but admit that man's life is but a vapor which appeareth for a little while, and then vanishes away. And if he peruses the sacred pages of inspiration, he is told of his danger in language too plain to be misunderstood.

Now, are not all those who persist in rebellion against God, in spite of all these warnings, and so

bring *upon themselves* his righteous condemnation, and eternal death, just as much guilty of self destruction as the man who willfully takes away his own life? The laws of our body are such that, when the brain is removed, life becomes extinct. Now, if we take a pistol, and blow out our brains, we have violated the laws of nature: and in consequence, pay the penalty by the loss of life. In like manner, when God sent his Son into the world to die for rebellious man, he, as it were, passed the law, that whoever should spend his life in disobedience to divine commands, and disbelieve the record which was given concerning Christ, should pay the penalty by suffering eternal death. Now, if we, in the depravity of our hearts, directly disobey this law, and thus bring upon ourselves a just condemnation, have we not, in every sense of the word, destroyed our own lives? All who die in unbelief bring destruction upon a soul *which much exist forever and ever.*

Divine Justice.

It is one of the most sublime truths found in Holy Writ, that God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. Nothing would be more pleasing to the enemy of souls, than if the plan of salvation conflicted with the justice of heaven, but blessed be God such is not the case. Through the mediatorial sacrifice of Christ, all who have on his righteousness are pure and without spot in the eyes of God.

"Justice was fully satisfied,
Atonement fully made:
The law was fully magnified
And wondrous love displayed."

Every soul who can, with eye of faith, look back through the ages that are buried in the past, and realize that when the Immaculate Son of God hung upon the cruel cross it was his sins which helped to nail him there, may rest assured that before he can be condemned God must first lose one of his essential attributes—justice: as (I say this with all reverence) there is no law, be it human or divine which can rightfully demand a second satisfaction.

"Payment God will not twice demand
First at my bleeding surety's hand
And then again at mine."

The Sun Still Shines.

Upon a cloudy day, if we were not familiar with the laws of nature, we would think the sun either had left his place in the heavens, or had ceased to shine, since we can neither see his face nor feel the warmth of his rays. But we know that such is not the case; we know that although nothing can be seen above save the dark clouds, yet *the sun still shines* as bright as if no clouds were in existence.

Now this same truth holds good in spiritual matters. The child of God, while making his pilgrimage to the eternal city, often has his dull, cloudy days. There are seasons so dark and gloomy that he is sometimes tempted to think that his spiritual sun has ceased to shine, since nothing but clouds of despair are in view. But such is not the case; as in the natural, so in the spiritual *the sun still shines*, God has not changed, and I am confident that if, whenever we are tempted to doubt God's steadfastness, we would enter into a self examination, we would discover that the reason we are in darkness, is largely, because we are trying to make our feelings the test of God's faithfulness. This course of procedure will not do, from the fact that our feel-

ings are not always the same, while Christ's love to the church knows no variation. "I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." My earnest prayer is that God will cause us to fully realize the fact that although we are often inconstant in our affections, yet in his love there is no variableness nor shadow of turning. Christ's love to his people began with eternity, and when time shall be no more it will continue to exist while the cycles of eternity roll their ceaseless round.

Pen Points.

Love is a cord delicate as a thread of silk, but strong as a band of iron.

There should be an inseparable bond of fraternal union existing between every human being.

Prayer is the golden key, which unlocks the gate of difficulty, and causes the Christian path to lie out open before us.

The most important commandments are, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

He who never feels the burden of his sins here will be surely crushed beneath their awful weight in the regions of eternal darkness, where there is no cross to loosen the galling fetters of iniquity.

The Christian should fight under the blood-stained banner of King Immanuel, as though the growth of the church depends alone upon his actions; realizing, however, that all hinges upon the Lord of hosts.

To assert that sinners are *ever* saved without repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus

Christ, is to deny the authenticity of the Bible; and dispute the very words of the Son of God himself.

The more Christians pray in secret or privately the more liberty they will have in public prayer. While the oftener they avail themselves of the privilege of public prayer, the more inclined they will be to fly to God's rich throne of grace in secret, each one is an aid to the other."

Beware of the so-called friend who forgets every compliment he hears passed upon you, but runs as fast as possible to tell you every little thing he hears that is derogatory to your character, for if you will strip him of his garb of friendship you will see beneath the uniform of the enemy.

Too much doctrinal preaching, to the exclusion of practical godliness and experience, produces spiritual sleep and deadness. God's word should be preached in its fulness and beauty. It is very wrong to shun portions of Scripture because we cannot reconcile them with our extreme views; the proper thing is for our opinions to become conformed to God's word.

The tuning fork of heaven will be *free grace*, and no music will be heard save that which is in perfect harmony with this top stone of Jehovah's throne; the symphony will not be marred by any discordant notes

caused by tunes upholding the worth of human merit, but *free grace* will be the theme of all, and it will be echoed by the vibration of all the harps of heaven.

Particular redemption is undoubtedly a Bible doctrine, but its beauty consists not in the fact that there are some whom Christ did not redeem, but rather that all for whom Jesus purchased salvation will be surely sought out, and kept in the power of God's Spirit. As Christ says, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

What comfort it should give all God's children to know that the Lord Jesus Christ is ever at the right of the throne of God interceding in their behalf. Although we are often in a cold state and sometimes remember not the blessings of Jehovah, yet our Savior is still faithful, he is always the same glorious unchangeable Redeemer whose delights were ever with the sons of men.

Unregenerated men often do much harm by their (imaginary) defense of the doctrines of predestination and election, from the fact that the carnal mind is enmity against God and no man in his natural state can properly understand any of the deep things of God. As an amiable divine once well said: "None should attend the university of predestination until they have been to the grammar school of faith and repentance."

A preacher may be gifted with the eloquence of Apollos, the fire of Peter, and the theological profundity of Paul; but if his expositions of Scripture be not put into practice in his own life, if his pulpit ministrations receive not the amen of a circumspect walk, all his eloquence, fire and orthodoxy will be like beautiful garments upon a corpse. They may make a sermon more attractive, but they can never invest it with life and power.

The unchangeableness of God is the hope of every person, pressed down by a sense of his own weakness and inconstancy. It is the foundation upon which the superstructure of salvation is built; the keystone in the mighty arch of divine love; the giant oak to which our faith, like the ivy, clings with increasing tenacity. Yea! If the declaration, "I AM THE LORD, I CHANGE NOT," were false, the whole scheme of salvation would be without effect.

Since Jesus has vanquished Satan, and fulfilled all the requirements of the law for his people, justice itself appears in their behalf. And in consequence of this effectual work of Christ, they can exclaim with Paul: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercessions for us."

What a consolation it is for the child of God to know that he has a treasure laid up in the bank of heaven, where it can never be destroyed nor taken away. What a comfort for him to realize, that when the riches of earth shall be no more, he will be walking the streets of gold in the New Jerusalem, that when the bright luminary of day shall be wrapped in darkness, he will be an inhabitant of that realm, whose light will be given by the eternal Sun of Righteousness.

Submission to the divine will is one of the most beautiful traits that can ever grace humanity. Oh, how Christlike is it to exercise calm patience when tossed upon the billows of trial and affliction. How sweet to see those who, although standing upon the brink of the cold, cold grave, as with dewy cheeks and breaking heart they look for the last time upon the face of a dear relative, yet utter no rash words of bitterness, but endeavor, although in anguish of soul, to say from the heart, "Thy will be done."

A church is really in a more flourishing condition with only a half dozen true members than if her membership embraces as many as three or four hundred unregenerate men and women. There never was a time when so many churches were filled up with simply professors of religion as at the present time. Discipline is a thing of the past amongst many congregations, and

so we see Christendom flooded with Christless professors. Oh, that the awakening power of God's Spirit may come and cause a glorious revival of pure religion.

When the Christian meditates upon the riches of God's free grace, and the depths of redeeming love, he is lost in wonder and admiration; and in trying to give expression to his appreciation he can but grasp the language of inspiration and cry out: "Many, oh, Lord, my God, are the wonderful works thou hast done and thy thoughts which are to us-ward. They cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee. If I would declare and speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."

All parents who have the welfare of their children at heart, take pleasure in seeing them conversant with the history of the nations. They love to hear them relate the wonderful deeds of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Washington; or tell of the mighty eloquence of a Demosthenes, a Patrick Henry, or a Gladstone; and yet we see some parents, professed Christians, who make no exertion whatever to familiarize their dear little children with the life of the central figure of all history—the Lord Jesus Christ, he who spake as never man spake, and by his advent upon earth did more for the world's welfare than all the philosophers, orators and statesmen, that ever lived.

Christianity is the only religion entirely free from superstition. It demands no blind observation of foolish rites common to so many false systems. Neither does it require the abstinence from anything in which there is no danger. In fact it is so simple that many stumble at its simplicity and spurn the thought of salvation though the lowly Nazarene who was born in a manger, and spent his life among the poor of the earth at last culminating his sacrifice by dying, "the just for the unjust that he might bring us to God."

Since the ascension of Jesus Christ, many have been the conjectures in regard to the date of his second coming, but as time has marched steadily onward, each supposition in turn has been proven fallacious. That Christ is coming to the earth again is evident from the teaching of his sacred word. When he shall come is of no consequence to us, and therefore is not revealed. His return, however so far as we are individually concerned, will be when the angel of death shall call us to leave these scenes of earth. The important point then for each to ascertain is, whether, when death stares us in the face, we will be in a fit state to stand before the *great court of heaven*.

Originality.

The Salutatory Address Delivered by Arthur Cox, at the Commencement Exercises of the Lonoke Public High School, Friday Evening, May 26, 1893.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I doubt not that there are times in the life of every person when language is inadequate to express his feelings, words seeming to fall powerless at his feet. It is in this condition I find myself to-night. I have been selected to greet you in behalf of my fellow students, but when I look before me and see good will to the seniors of the Lonoke High School of 1893, beaming from the countenance of every one present, when I gaze into your eyes and there read an earnest desire for our success in life, what can I say that will give utterance to our feelings? You have so encouraged us by coming out to-night, that the steep and oft times rugged hill of education will be more easily scaled than if you had not been present. I might consume all my allotted time in advancing reasons why we are delighted to see you, yet we would each feel that the Salutatory was incomplete, so I will, and I am confident that I voice the sentiment of the whole class in so doing, bid you a hearty welcome and ask your attention

for a short time while I present a few thoughts upon the subject, Originality.

There is no such thing as originality in its strictest sense. Solomon, the ancient star of wisdom, was not mistaken when he said, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun." We cannot create, but it is ours to take the forces that exist and use them to the best of our ability. We now appropriate for our service that mysterious element, electricity, chain it to our machines and make them speak as with human voice and carry messages as upon the wings of the lightning. A good illustration of the wonderful power of this fluid was given at the opening of the World's Fair when our chief Executive, Grover Cleveland, stepped to the front of the rostrum upon which he was speaking, pressed a little button, and in an instant, as if by magic, the glorious stars and stripes fluttered in the breeze from a thousand places, the ponderous machinery was set in motion, and life, as it were, was given to the Exposition. But, ladies and gentlemen, this same force was just as abundant in the age of the Ptolemies.

A man may possess a remarkable genius, but if it receives no promptings to call it into activity, it will doubtless lie dormant and be lost to the world forever. The native powers of Geoffrey Chaucer, the morning

star of English literature, were greatly aroused by Boccaccio; the spirit of John Milton, the king of the realm of poesy, was fired by Caedman; and even the immortal Shakespeare himself acknowledged Spenser as his master. Time would fail me to tell of the little things, apparently accidental, which caused the slumbering energies in great men to awaken, shake themselves, as it were, and give to the world inventions so wonderful, that things which have heretofore seemed impossible are now accomplished with ease. The telescope was invented through some children placing two or more pairs of spectacles together to look at a distant object; gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some material mixed in a mortar, and it is related that printing, one of the most useful of all inventions, owes its origin to rude impressions made for the amusement of children from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree.

In this address, however, we wish to notice originality in its commonly accepted meaning, that is, in the sense of independence, both in thought and action, to a somewhat limited extent. The first prerequisite of originality along any line is activity of mind. As long as we permit our intellectual powers to lie dormant we will have to depend upon others to do our thinking. Just as the muscles become stronger by exercise so the mind is developed by mental labor, therefore, if we wish

to add anything to the world we must think, yes, think hard. For what is mankind endowed with intelligence and grand reasoning powers if not to use them? Five minutes of original thought is worth more than an hour spent in slavishly following some one else. It has been truthfully said, "The world is full of echoes, but there are only a few voices." Oh, how many are content to settle down, and, without the slightest investigation, receive for truth what others have said. Such persons may be dogmatic and bigoted in their opinions, but they can never be firmly established, in a logical manner, upon anything, because they have no foundation upon which to build. Do not understand me, my hearers, to mean that we are to reject all the teachings of those who have gone before. No indeed! That would not do! But I do maintain, that no theory however universally adopted, no doctrine however plausible should be received by us without, if you will allow the expression, original investigation. To illustrate; suppose that we are to make a journey through a forest, it would be very foolish for us to take the first path to which we should come without inquiring whether or not it leads in the right direction, simply because others had traversed it before. It would also be just as absurd to make a road through the woods without first ascertaining if those already cleared did not lead to our destination. Here is the point where independence in a

somewhat limited sense must be used. If there is a road by which we can travel and reach our journey's end, we should take it without hesitation. But if there is not, rather than go the wrong way, we should make one; even though giant oaks have to be felled, deep rivers crossed, and lofty mountains scaled; remembering that a tortoise going in the right direction will beat a race horse in the wrong.

When Francis Bacon studied philosophy at college, his great originality of thought forced him to the conclusion that the deductive method of teaching was a failure. And although it could boast of having the world-renowned Aristotle for its originator, and point with pride to hundreds of distinguished philosophers as its supporters, yet he had the courage to declare that it was not the true method, arguing that the inductive course of reasoning was the most effective way to teach. True his ideas were at first laughed to scorn, but his system was afterwards received, and to-day Sir Francis Bacon has the honor of being called the father of inductive philosophy.

The positive necessity of exercising originality of thought in every undertaking has been clearly shown in all ages. In the year 538 B. C., Cyrus, who had determined to bring all Asia under his control, marched against Babylon, the metropolis of Assyria, for the purpose of deposing its monarch, Labynetus, the Belshazzar

of the Bible, thus increasing his possessions. Upon arriving at Babylon he found it well protected by strong walls, towering heavenward, and mighty gates, defying all the powers of man to break them open. The Babylonians had on hand a good stock of provisions, and to obviate all danger arising from a scarcity of water the city was so arranged that a river flowed through it, thus furnishing an endless supply. Now when Cyrus sees these difficulties, what does he do? Does he give up in despair and retrace his steps with foiled ambitions and blighted hopes? Not by any means; this course of procedure might do for a mental pigmy, but it would not become a man of power. He calmly thinks over the situation, and, as with almost everyone, while he thinks, the spark of his originality begins to brighten, and at last bursts into a flame, moving him to conceive the idea of turning the course of the river, which he did, and marched his soldiers under the wall, upon its bed, in triumph. Thus, through originality, one of the most powerful cities of ancient times was captured.

When Julius Cæsar began to thirst for military fame, if, because the noted general, Miltiades, had won so glorious a victory upon the plain of Marathon, he had decided to pursue exactly the same course of generalship without any originality of thought, do you not know that in all probability the Roman standard would have trailed in the dust, and the famous city of the

Seven Hills would never have been called the mistress of the world?

Again, if the Duke of Wellington had blindly followed in the footsteps of other generals as Hannibal or the Madman of the North, Charles XII. of Sweden, doubtless Napoleon, his march of bloodshed being unchecked, would have centralized the forces of Europe, and the pages of history would have known no Waterloo.

In like manner, if the illustrious George Washington, having been appointed commander-in-chief of the colonial forces, had contented himself with using the thought of others instead of his own, there is no doubt that his brave army would have been defeated, and the scepter of monarchial power might to-day have been extended over this fair Western land.

There is more, my kind hearers, in this one magic word than a person would at first think. Not only was it through originality that America was discovered by Columbus, and the colonies brought from under the yoke of taxation without representation, but it is also to this same principle that we are indebted for the establishment of our present system of polity. What, but originality of thought, caused the framers of this constitution, turning aside from every known form, to organize a government which should be for a model to the world. Doubtless some are ready to declare that the fathers of our country did not originate this form of

administration, for, say they, were not Greece and Rome republics long before America was even discovered? I grant you that there had been several, yes, I may say a good many republics founded centuries before the one under whose sheltering wing of freedom we now live, but they were all, at least to some degree, aristocratic. We may take the most authentic history of the world ever written, search therein diligently, and upon no page will we find an account of a government which gives equal rights to all, and permits the man of lowly birth, as well as the one of distinguished ancestry, to rise to the supreme seat of power, until we read of the patriots signing the Declaration of Independence on the 4th of July, 1776, thus establishing this land of the free, this home of the brave, the *United States of America*.

How plainly does the history of China tell us that without originality there can be no real advancement. I doubt not that, if it were possible for Confucius to come back to the earth to-morrow, he would think, from the appearances of things in his own country, that only a few days, instead of more than twenty centuries, had elapsed since his death, so utterly devoid of progress is the Chinee. He does not desire to grow beyond the mental power of his ancestors. The grand discoveries of modern scientists are unknown to him, neither does he wish to become familiar with them. He has no originality of thought himself, nor does he want to reap

the benefits which come from the genius of others. Now the effect of this lack of originality is quite clear, for while America, England, Germany, France, and many other nations are steadily marching forward in the path of progress, China stands, even now, almost exactly where she stood when the last year of the old dispensation stepped aside and gave place to the first of the new. In fact, to-day, her subjects are the only people who, on account of their nationality, have to bear the stigma of being turned from our ports in shame and confusion.

Not only does history abound in illustrations that originality must be the watchword of all who would meet with success, but nature herself asserts with a thousand voices the power of this principle. Go with me, in your imagination, to the forest, and there learn a grand lesson in regard to independence! Look at the mighty oak, and note that although the storms of many years have threatened to uproot it, yet it firmly stands, upheld by nothing save its own strength. Contrast with this the weakly ivy; see it as its tendrils cling to the tree upon which it has climbed, and notice how dependent it is for support; take away its prop and it will trail in the dust, *typical of the shame all should feel who have risen high in the world through the strength of others.*

Why is it, ladies and gentlemen, that, although there is such a striking similarity between a voice and

an echo, yet the latter is so much lacking in power, with every reverberation growing weaker? It is because the voice is original, while the echo is but a reproduction, if you will allow the expression, an imitation.

Even the heavenly bodies come with incontrovertible testimony that in originality there is power. The sun rises. It diffuses its rays of warmth and light over the earth and all nature greets it with a smile. It passes the meridian, settles in the west, finally disappears from view, and, although the moon may be in its full, yet partial darkness spreads its shadowy mantle o'er the earth. Now the light and heat of the sun and moon are the same in essence. True, the former is larger than the latter, but it is at so much greater distance from the earth that it has not the advantage in this respect that one would imagine. Then the question presents itself, "What causes the great difference in their power?" The answer is found in our subject. The light and heat of the sun are his own, they are original, while the light of the moon is reflected or borrowed. From this we learn that he who would, in the firmament of fame, shine forth as a sun must be original, or, if you prefer the word, independent. The bright luminary of day in the western horizon will shed abroad more light and heat than the queen of the night in her zenith. *One spark of originality is worth more than a flood of reflected light.* It is better to stand upon our

own foundation, relying upon our own powers, even though we encounter hardships and have to tread the thorny path of poverty, than to occupy some prominent position, dependent upon the efforts of others. I had rather be a laborer, toiling throughout life for a mere pittance, with horny hands and bended back, living upon my own exertion, relying upon my own right arm, thinking and acting for myself, than Charles I, King of England, led on by a clique of wicked men who thought and managed for him and caused him to assent to such measures of tyranny that his days were ended in shame at the block.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have clearly seen that both history and nature concur in their promptings to originality of thought and independence of action. These promptings are to all. It matters not what our vocation, a voice comes to us. A voice did I say? Yea! Ten thousand voices come to us, and in such manner as not to be misunderstood, saying, "*Be original and depend upon your own efforts.*"

The lawyer must have originality when he enters the court room, for however well he may study his case, however carefully he may prepare the brief, his opponent will doubtless endeavor to make points of which he never dreamed and he must be able, upon the moment, to originate refuting argument.

The physician should exercise originality of thought to a large degree, if he would win fame in his profession.

For while it is true that every disease has its distinguishing features, yet the constitutions of different persons are so dissimilar that the manner of treating the same ailment must often be varied. In fact the most successful practitioner of medicine is he who, when it becomes necessary, turns aside from every line heretofore prescribed, and of himself devises a course of treatment suited to the peculiarities of the particular case he may have in hand.

The school teacher to be a success in developing the mentality of childhood and youth must also know something experimentally of our subject. He may have his mind stored with treasures of knowledge. He may have studied the art of teaching until pedagogy has become his daily meditation, yet if he lack originality of thought he can but be a failure. Pupils prompted by curiosity will often propound questions never before thought of by mathematician, geographer or historian. Now their inquiring minds should be satisfied, but how is this to be accomplished if their instructor cannot think out or originate an answer or explanation? Numbers of professions could be cited in which our subject is absolutely indispensable. But suffice it to say that in every calling, though it be ever so humble, success is largely due to originality of thought and independence of action.

Fellow pupils, we, the seniors of 1893, have for the last time sat with you to study under the roof of the

Lonoke High School. No more will we be warned by the peal of that oft heard bell that the hour of recitation has come, and we cannot have our school relations severed without offering you a word of advice. Permit us then to impress upon your minds the importance of originality or independence in school work. It is an indisputable fact that a pupil can reach the goal of his ambition only by deep, earnest thought. He may come to the class with lessons well prepared by the labor of some one else and possibly deceive teacher and students, but, if he does this, it is at his own peril and in truth he is deluding himself more than anyone. For after leaving school, instead of being prepared for the critical voyage over life's tempestuous ocean, he will be fit only to cruise around the beach of childhood in a craft suited alone to tranquil seas. He who spends his school days in idleness, depending upon the efforts of others for the preparation of his lessons, must not be surprised if he leave college a mental dwarf.

Classmates, I cannot conclude without a few words to you. It is needless for me to say that in you I feel a special interest, for that is quite natural. Together we have walked through darksome vale and sunlit slope hand in hand, as it were, ascending the mount of knowledge. Ofttimes, perchance, some frowning cliff or craggy height has confronted us, but, after a time, unceasing perseverance has led us beyond it and the crest

of the hill stood clear above. To-night we pass the first mile-stone on our road, and halt to rest for awhile in the grotto prepared for the pleasure of the travelers to yon airy heights. We have each shared the same kindness of our noble teacher, Prof. J. J. Doyne. Then with these ties binding us together how can we but experience that feeling towards each other of which none but fellow students know. Let us even now, with a grand unity of purpose determine, throughout life, to depend upon our own strength; and while we may never wield the mighty power of eloquence as did Demosthenes, Pitt and Grady, or be distinguished statesmen as are Bismarck, Gladstone and Cleveland; although it may never be our lot, like Shakespeare and Milton, to entrance the people by the production of masterpieces in literature; or with the remarkable genius of an Edison startle the world by almost miraculous inventions, yet we should remember that there is a special work for each. True it may often seem that what we do amounts to so little in this world of activity that it is of no consequence whether it be done or not, but this is a mistake. Everyone, I care not who he be, has a position to occupy in life and no substitute can acceptably fill his place. Therefore we see the importance of each one's retaining his own individuality.

In the most ponderous machinery the little screws and bolts are just as essential to its completeness as the

strong cylinders and mighty fly-wheels, yet we stand and gaze with admiration at the latter while the former are passed unnoticed. Just so in life some men are destined to be honored and their fame heralded throughout the earth, while others live and die comparatively unknown, but we should not forget that frequently those who are the least famous are the greatest benefactors of mankind.

When Columbus, prompted by his great originality of thought, set sail upon his never to be forgotten voyage of discovery, he was in quest of a new route to India, but instead of finding this he discovered a land greater than India and a new hemisphere was brought into the world's life. In like manner we, if fired by originality of thought, and led on by independence of action, will often attain more than that for which we are striving. Let us then go boldly forward even though we fear that at best we can accomplish but little. Let us take for our motto the subject of this address, and we may strike from our vocabulary the word *failure*, so little will we be required to use it. But if in the warfare of life we should fall, let it be among the front ranks, in the heat of the battle, valiantly fighting under the honored banner of independence and with the inspiring watchword, *originality*, upon our lips.

I thank you all for the patient hearing you have given me.

Beyond the Alps Lies Italy.

Oration Delivered by Arthur Cox at the Close of School, 1892, at the Lonoke Opera House.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Doubtless many of you are familiar with the history of the short sentence which is the subject of this address, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." They were the words of Napoleon Bonaparte, who, it has been said, is without a parallel, as a general, in the annals of the world; and whose name will ever be memorable for untiring perseverance and profound military strategy.

In 1796, although merely a youth, he had, by his unflinching bravery, won his way to the front, and was chosen commander-in-chief of the army which was to invade Italy. After his appointment, he went immediately to Nice, where his forces consisting of about thirty-eight thousand poorly fed men, awaited him. He began at once preparing for the invasion, knowing at the same time, that the enemy had much the greater army with all the necessary equipments of war.

Let us for a little while imagine ourselves in the city of Nice, on the 29th of March, 1796.

Before us is a sea of faces!

It is Napoleon's army!

Already the scarcity of food is beginning to manifest itself in their somewhat emaciated forms. Berthier, a general of no small experience, has declared that Napoleon's plan is a good one, but to carry it into execution would require fifty-thousand more men. The very air seems fraught with omens of disaster to the young general. We look at the army again, and think that in the face of so many difficulties perhaps the campaign will yet be abandoned; when we are aroused from our reflections by the clear, ringing tones of someone speaking. It is Napoleon addressing his army!

"Soldiers, you are naked, ill fed; much is due to you, there is nothing to pay you with. The patience and courage you have shown in the midst of these rocks are admirable, but they win you no glory. I come to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world; rich provinces, great cities, will be in your power. There you will have wealth, honor, and glory. Soldiers of Italy, can your courage fail?"

With these words, he put the army in motion. We are told they now moved forward without hindrance until their path was obstructed by the mighty Alps.

To one not familiar with the character of the youthful general, it would seem that retreat was now inevitable. I can, in my mind, even at this moment, see the army as it approaches the towering cliffs which appear

tauntingly to say: "Italy is beyond your reach, you will yet have to retrace your steps." It is at this critical period that Napoleon again addresses his men, and fills their breasts with brighter hopes and new ambitions, by assuring them that, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." This suggestive sentence has, since that day, been highly prized for its great depth of meaning. It said to the soldiers that though they had an arduous task before them which seemed almost impossible to accomplish, yet, if they would press boldly forward with a determination to surmount every difficulty, they would be sure of success. By following their steps for a short time we see that Napoleon was right; they did, with heroic bravery, carry out the campaign, and meet with almost unprecedented success on every hand.

If time would permit, we would notice Napoleon all through his eventful career, and see how, by ever keeping in mind the spirit of these memorable words, he climbed to the top round of the ladder of military fame, where he stood unrivaled by all other generals of his age.

It is not for me in an address of this kind to discuss the utility of war, nor to say whether Napoleon was justified in causing so much bloodshed; but this I can say, many lessons may be learned from his life.

No matter what we study, whether it be the history of a man or a nation, we find taught everywhere the

idea conveyed by the words of Napoleon, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

Peter The Great, of Russia, after being defeated by Charles XII., King of Sweden, coolly said: "The Swedes, I knew, would beat us for a time, but they will soon teach us how to beat them," and, sure enough, his words were speedily verified. The same spirit was manifested in the life of Cæsar, Hannibal, Wellington, Washington, and I would not close the list without mentioning the name of him, whose memory occupies a tender spot in the heart of every lover of true manhood. I speak of the hero of the South—Stonewall Jackson.

The well known historian, Barnes, has truthfully said in regard to the study of history, that: "Every fact narrated must correspond to something in me to be intelligible, we must fasten each image to some reality in our secret experience, or we shall learn nothing rightly. Each new fact, each political moment has a meaning for us."

Let us then, kind friends, follow this thought and see what is contained for us in the sentence which forms the basis of my remarks to-night. If I mistake not, we shall find it to be truly *multum in parvo*. It is an historical fact that success can be attained only by overcoming many difficulties. We, ladies and gentlemen, are too prone to look at a person sitting upon the throne of

honor, and forget that it cost much toil and perseverance to reach that position. In other words, we envy Napoleon as he meets with such intoxicating success upon the sunny plains of Italy, but forget that before he could feast his eyes upon the charming scenery of that salubrious clime, he had to perform one of the most stupendous undertakings ever accomplished by human effort. The crossing of the Alps. Perhaps some of you here to-night are making noble efforts to educate the objects of your affection, and often meet mountains of difficulties which must be overcome.

There may be parents in this audience who are, even now, as it were, climbing the snow-capped Alps for the benefit of their children. To each of you, I would say, just as sure as you press onward in your course of love, you too, will prove that, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." Beyond the clouds the sun still shines—beyond earnest endeavor lies success.

Again, we often see those who are just commencing the battle of life meet with many discouragements. A young man sets his mind upon some profession, and it becomes the dream of his youth—the one desire of his heart. But let him be assured that the formidable looking Alps are situated between him and Italy; let him be assured that difficulties will have to be overcome before success is attained. Nevertheless, my young friend, by keeping in mind the words of our

subject, and emulating the constancy of their author, you will surely reach the goal of your ambition.

We could proceed for hours, picking out different classes, and showing that the expression, "*Beyond the Alps lies Italy*" has a meaning for each, but suffice it to say there can be found no exception to the principle contained in these words. Oh! that I could command the eloquence of a Cicero, the electrical tones of a Napoleon, and the earnestness of a Patrick Henry in urging each person present to see the positive necessity of energy and perseverance in every vocation.

The much quoted maxim, "Where there is a will there is a way," comes to us now fraught with just as much truth as when first uttered. It has been an inspiration to hundreds who have achieved success in every avenue of life; and it will be the watch-word of many yet unborn heroes who will take up and carry into execution all the mighty schemes of modern civilization which we have just begun.

Fellow schoolmates of Lonoke High School, we, too, must not forget that "there is no true excellence without great labor." This scholastic year is now about to close. The campaign is at an end.

In taking a retrospective view many mountains of study are seen which we have scaled, through the encouragement and kind assistance of our faithful and much respected teachers.

The past is gone. Time, with steady, yet never-ending step moves grandly forward, and if we would keep up with her stately tread we must look well to the future. Already there are minds contemplating the studies we are to master during the coming year. Let us enter that work with new energy, new hopes, new ambitions. Let us unite head, heart, and hand; and with a strong and determined will behind these forces, we can but succeed, though difficulties stand out mountain high to oppose us. Remember that he who would win, must work; he who would prevail, must persevere; he who would reap, must sow.

"The fairest pearls are found in deepest waters,
The brightest jewels in the darkest mine;
And through the very blackest hours of midnight
The star of Hope doth ever brightly shine.

Press on! press on! the path is steep and rugged,
The storm clouds almost hide Hope's light from view;
But you can pass where other feet have trodden;
A few more steps may bring you safely through."

A Storm at Sea.

(School Composition.)

If any person desires to realize fully the comparative littleness of man, I would advise him to witness a storm in mid-ocean, because such a sight proves beyond a doubt that humanity at its best, when compared with Deity, is puny indeed.

Volney, the noted infidel historian, could descant quite boldly upon the principles of atheism while he stood on dry land with a host of sympathetic friends around him; but on one occasion, when he was sailing on Lake Erie amid a violent storm, with the ship's masts gone, the rudder displaced, and the vessel every moment expected to go down, he was made to see the frailty of man; and feeling that there must be some great power, ruling even above the winds and waves, he knelt down and called upon the name of God. I cite this little incident to show how a storm upon the water can bring a man to a realization of his utter helplessness.

Eleven years ago, in December, 1881, the Ohio, the vessel in which we came to America, set sail from Liverpool, leaving behind the scenes of our childhood

and the watery eyes of our relatives and friends. The sea was calm and the gentle waves seemed to dance in tune to the movement of the monstrous screw as it propelled the vessel forward with mighty power. For the first few hours every passenger was charmed with the ineffable beauties of the scenery and exhilarated by the freshness of the sea breeze, fraught with that purity which is found only in air coming from the ocean, as it kissed our ship. But after awhile most of the passengers retired to their cabins to endure in silence the indescribable miseries of sea sickness.

One morning all were aroused by the cry, a whale! a whale! and with eagerness each one peered forth upon the briny deep, anxious to catch a glimpse of the watery monster, but it was too far distant. Away off, a few miles from our ship, could be seen two large fountains, which were being spouted up by a pair of whales. When it was found that this was all we would be able to see of them, the excitement subsided.

For about half the passage we enjoyed smooth sailing, there being no sign of stormy weather. On the morning of the middle day of the voyage the sun burst forth in the eastern horizon with his matchless splendor, as usual, undimmed by either cloud or fog. The day passed on with no new occurrence until about 10 o'clock a. m., when it was noticed that the crew came on deck, clothed in rubber suits, and took down the sails; and,

although there were no angry clouds in view, yet the passengers looked meaningly at one another, saying by their glances, "there is danger ahead." And sure enough their fears were not ungrounded, for in a little while the sun's face was hid by the clouds which were gathering and beginning to assume angry appearances; the wind also arose, and by about 11 o'clock the passengers were all below, the hatchways closed and the storm had burst upon us in fury. Any one who has not witnessed such a sight for himself, although he may have read descriptions and seen pictures of like scenes, can fully grasp the meaning of the words, "A Storm at Sea."

There are things which can be fairly well reproduced by art, but the scene of which I am writing cannot be described in language or pictured upon the canvas. It defies alike the tongue of the orator, the gifted pen of the writer, and the skillful brush of the artist.

Our vessel seemed to be no more than a cork. The mighty waves first lifted her upon their crests and then mercilessly dashed her into the valley below. The wind, in its unchecked violence, caused the massive timbers of the ship to groan as if with agony under the excessive strain and threatened to rend her asunder.

By noon the storm was at its height. Thunder and lightning came to the assistance of wind and wave, and each appeared to vie with the other in seeing which

could threaten our vessel with the greatest danger. All hope seemed to be gone. No matter in which direction we looked, black despair stared us in the face. Above us the clouds looked down with angry frowns and seemed to speak in their terrible voice of thunder; on either side, waves which towered heavenward like mountains threatened us with sudden destruction, and beneath the unfathomable depths of the roaring ocean seemed to be waiting anxiously to receive our bodies. But each was to be disappointed, for the same tender care which had preserved us from all the unseen dangers through which we had passed, was about us then, and ruled over the apparently ungovernable rage of this ocean storm. By about 3 o'clock the tempest had subsided and all hearts were grateful for the preservation of our lives.

The rest of the voyage was passed, as was the first part, without any storm whatever, and thirteen days after our setting sail from Liverpool we landed in Philadelphia on Christmas eve, 1881.

I will conclude by repeating, "If any one wishes to realize fully the comparative littleness of man, let him witness 'A Storm at Sea.'"

Bravery.

(School Composition.)

It is as natural for man to glory in bravery as it is for him to breathe; and while there are many who know not, so far as experience is concerned, what true courage is, yet each one prides himself that he may be classed among the "*fortissimmi fortum.*"

There is an attractiveness about the bravery of the warrior that causes us to peruse with keen delight the pages of history upon which are recounted the wonderful exploits of Alexander as he journeyed in quest of universal empire, or the heroism of Cæsar as he faced the fiery Gauls. He too, buoyed up by the hope that some day he would sway the scepter of power throughout the world. But when we see a man of our own nationality distinguishing himself by military achievements, it fills us with enthusiasm.

Find me, if you can, a Frenchman, who can read, untouched, the history of the famous Napoleon; or an Englishman, who can, unmoved, meditate upon the greatness of Wellington and the wonderful victory of Waterloo. In like manner, the sturdy sons of freedom,

point with no small degree of national pride, to George Washington, who so nobly led the colonial forces to victory and liberty.

My allotted space, could be readily used in dwelling upon Bravery as seen in the lives of great military chieftains whose names have been immortalized by their undaunted courage; but I design in this composition to emphasize the necessity of *Moral Bravery*, because in my opinion, it is by far the most important.

Thomas Spurgeon, son of the late C. H. Spurgeon, of sacred memory, was not mistaken when he voiced the sentiment of the quotation: "It is a harder matter to retain one's own spirit than it is to take a city."

Moral courage is of more importance than warlike bravery, because it is a virtue to which all can aspire and attain even though they never see a battlefield.

How hard it sometimes is for a young man to exercise moral courage! When his home surroundings are of a high moral character, and his associates untainted by the many vices of modern times, it is easy enough for him to condemn immorality; but, ah me! how the scene changes when he is thrown among the profane and profligate who glory in vice. To stand firm at such a time, and condemn in unequivocal terms every form of immorality, requires courage in strength akin to that displayed by the noted general, Miltiades, on the plain of Marathon.

Our *Moral Courage* is continually being tested. Scarcely a day passes but we see people committing wrong acts, and, by our silence, we, to a large extent authorize them. For us to seek the company of the profane and pass their swearing unrebuked, is cowardly n the extreme and leaves us partly to blame for their profanity.

"To pass any wrong act apparently unnoticed is to participate in the crime," is a principle verified in the law of our land. To illustrate; if a murder has been committed, it is every person's duty as an honorable citizen, to do all within his power to bring the criminal to justice; and he who does not do this, but, to the contrary, tries to conceal the offense, is looked upon as being accessory. Now if this be true with regard to the law of our country, how much more so is it in the moral law which is perfect in its make-up.

Dr. Harris, minister of Harwell, England, left us a good example of true moral courage in his plain dealings with the soldiers that were often quartered at his house during the civil war. On one occasion, a party of them being unmindful of the reverence due to the holy name of God, indulged themselves in swearing. The doctor, noticing, preached on the next Sabbath from these words: "Above all things my brethren, swear not." This so enraged the soldiers that they declared that, if he preached on that subject again,

they would kill him. But this had no effect whatever upon the courageous man, and, not in the least intimidated, he preached again from the same text, denouncing the folly of profanity with more vehemence than ever; and, although, while he was in the pulpit, one of the soldiers leveled his carbine at him, still he went through the sermon without fear or hesitation, and the soldier, subdued by his intrepid bravery, harmed him not. This is what may truly be called "Moral Courage."

Let each one of us endeavor to so imitate his example that we shall always be ready to do all in our power, both by word and deed, to keep down vice in all its deceptive forms.

Additional Remarks

Regarding Arthur Cox's Sickness and Glorious Death.

Five days after Arthur was taken sick he said to his mother, "Do not weep mother, for I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She beheld his suffering and wept as mothers will, and as only mothers can, whereupon he said, "This is only pain mother, and what is pain? It is nothing." Eight days before his death, upon going into the room, she found him praying God's blessing upon the family. Looking up he said, "Mother I have just been enjoying a few moments of sweet prayer." Then he sang these words:

> "'Tis the right way, Lord lead me on,
> From this vain world up to thy throne;
> And then, when faith is changed to sight,
> We'll know the ways of God are right."

These, with many other things, fastened themselves with such force upon his mother's mind, that she felt sure he was not long for this life. Notwithstanding the

fact that sometimes he showed signs of improvement, and all others seemed hopeful, still this dark cloud remained with her.

At length the sad day dawned. On Monday evening, August 21st, after having been delirious almost all day, he grew, all at once, perfectly calm, and informed those around him that he was going home. One by one, relative and friend received a parting word from him as before stated in the "Tribute of Respect." During the evening he called for his mother several times. The first time he said, "Good-by, mother, I'm going home; I've seen God's brightness; I can't stay here. Good-by, world, and everybody in it. I haven't an enemy in the world. Mother, I've had a vision; I've seen father around the throne of God in heaven. I can die happy to this end, to know that father is a converted man." The second time he said, "Mother, you have always been my hope, my joy, my consolation, my comfort, I can but say, 'my mother.'" After calling her the third time he asked: "Mother are you satisfied with my death-bed? Are you satisfied with my death-bed?" Through her blinding tears she assured him that she was. He affectionately bade his father good-by several times, and it seemed as though he could scarcely give him up.

To his school teacher, Prof. J. J. Doyne, he remarked: "Professor, I always said that I never expected

to have another teacher as good as you have been. I may have done wrong sometimes, but I meant no harm."

He thanked the doctor and the nurses for their attention, and invoked God's blessings upon them.

At one time, near the end, he said with a strong, full voice, "Stand aside. Take away the lamps; take away the lamps! I do not need them. I am going to bask in the refulgent rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, the Sun of Righteousness. Oh, that I could mount upon the peaks of angels! I am kissing the lips of Jesus. The Savior's arms are underneath me. I do not want any more of this world; I have had enough of it. I know I am one of the elect, and am going to bask in the Sun of Righteousness. Then he burst forth again, Oh, the Sun of Righteousness; Oh, the Sun of Righteousness!"

He lamented the fact that he had not preached more frequently, saying: I always thought that, if I had a call by grace, I also had a call to preach the unsearchableness of Christ, but I held back and did not exalt the call as I should have done. Mr. W. P. Fletcher assured him that he had no cause to censure himself, and he answered: "Oh, yes, oh, yes, I know its all right, I feel all right; but I did not exalt the call as I should have done." After saying many other things, he quietly sank to rest. While Arthur was talking,

strong men wept like children and shook like aspen leaves.

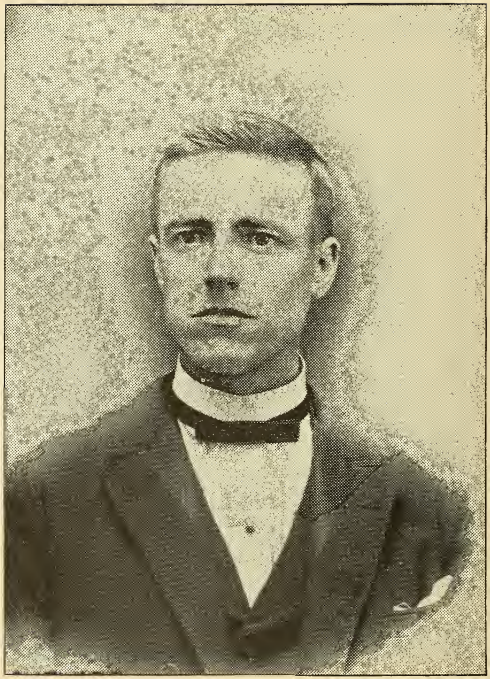
None witnessed his happy and peaceful end without receiving benefit.

"Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light, from its load, the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth rejoice to say
How blest the righteous when he dies."

Memorial Services.

The M. E. Church being the largest in Lonoke, and being kindly tendered for the occasion, memorial services were held at that place on Sunday night, August 27th, and the spacious edifice was filled with friends of the deceased, both from town and country. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. W. Lipsey, W. F. Evans, R. N. Ross, Prof. J. J. Doyne, Hon. W. P. Fletcher, Messrs. C. A. Williams and Benjamin Cox.

Poems by Benjamin Cox.



BENJAMIN COX.

The Grace of God.

The grace of God, how wonderful!
How matchless, full and free;
Beyond all human wisdom is
That grace which rescued me.

Lost and undone through Adam's fall,
I stood, by law condemned;
Naught of myself could I have done,
E'en though left till the end.

My thoughts and actions, all were full
Of sin, from first to last;
Till God, through Christ, o'er my poor soul,
His light of love did cast.

Then I the weight of sin did feel,
And, helpless, called on him,
Who filled my heart with fervent prayer,
And answered there and then.

He bade my burden roll away,
Filled my poor soul with joy;
And made me know I was an heir,
Of bliss without alloy.

Praise to the grace that led my feet
From sin's dark gruesome way;
Lord, give that grace to help me on
My journey day by day.

Strength for Our Day.

["As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—Deut. xxxiii:25.]

Oh, pilgrim, pressed with grief and tossed about
  Upon the waves of trouble, fierce and wild;
Though dark forebodings in your heart may creep,
  That you will never reach the haven mild.

The Savior says, "Stand firm, be not afraid,
  These stormy waves shall not your soul o'erflow;
Though furious winds may howl, and breakers roar,
  While I am at the helm, you'll safely go."

King Jesus at the helm, oh, glorious thought!
  What wondrous love, that he the Lord of all,
Should deign to bless poor wretches, vile as we,
  All slaves to sin, and ruined by the fall.

When you are called to pass through trouble's fire,
  Your soul, by Jesus kept, can never burn;
His mighty voice the furious flames obey;
  At his command, the fire shall from you turn.

When men revile and persecute you sore,
  In Jesus' strength your bark the tide shall stem;
He passed through all these trials long before,
  And prophets, too, they persecuted them.

When chastening from the Lord your soul afflicts,
  Making the way seem dreary, dark, and wild;
Despise it not: though hard to understand,
  He scourgeth for their good his every child.

Your strength He knows, and suited to your back
  Is every weight He calls you now to bear;
Cheer up, then, little one, be not dismayed,
  He will not overload your soul with care.

Though bitter is the cup at times to drink,
Our Jesus quaffed it, too, long, long ago:
He drained, e'en to its dregs, the stinging draught
Of sorrow, toil and anguish, pain and woe.

These earth-born woes will last but for a spell;
This life is short, and soon, your soul, set free,
Will fly to meet the Lord in heaven above,
To spend with him a blest eternity.

Then, sorrowing soul, your troubles all will end;
Then, weary one, you'll find a peaceful rest;
And with the white robed throng of Jesus sing,
In that bright land, the home of all the blest.

* ☼ *

Faith.

Faith! theme, grand and glorious, what art thou? we ask,
To our poor, finite minds, 'tis a thrice endless task
To unravel thy mysteries, holy, sublime,—
Though our powers be tried till the end of all time.

To our weak understanding thou always wilt be
A subject, all shrouded in deep mystery;
Till the author of faith shall call us to rest
In that land far away, the bright home of the blest.

There all that's obscure doth vanish away,
No darkness of midnight, but all golden day;
The Lamb in the midst of the throne is the light,
And our faith shall be swallowed in ravishing sight.

There all trouble is ended,—oh, rest, grand and sweet!
That remaineth for us whom the Lord hath made meet;
Our eyes shall be opened, all blindness be gone,
And hosannah to Jesus be always our song.

The Three Captives.

[See Daniel, Chapter 3.]

Long, long, ago in Babylon's fair clime,
Nebuchadnezzar reigned mid splendor grand,
To satisfy his taste for worldly show,
And make his power supreme throughout the land.

An idol did he set on Dura's plain;
Full sixty cubits high this image stood:
'Twas made of shining gold, all bright and fair,
And, to the carnal eye, looked very good.

Then did the King send forth a stern decree,
That everyone should come, both great and small;
And, at the sound of music on the air,
To worship this, his idol, they must fall.

The day has come; and lo, on this vast plain,
A herald cries, "Oh people, bow I say,
To this, the image which the King has built,
Or in the furnace you shall burn this day."

The music sounds; then down the people fall,
To worship this, a god produced by hand;
But see out yonder! there are three, erect!
And, though the nations bow, they boldly stand!

Who are these striplings that defy the King?
Whence, whence, such boldness? let us quickly know.
They are three captives, brought from Jewish lands;
'Tis Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

They worship not a god of man's device,
Nor is their trust reposed in human clay;
To One, and him alone, their vows are paid;
The God who reigns supreme through night and day.

When brought before the King, their hearts are filled
With Godly faith, and in his strength they stand;
Knowing full well that naught can do them harm
While they are led by his almighty hand.

"Oh, King, we will not bow to this, thy god,
Although thou makest threats in deadly ire;
The God we serve is mighty, be it known,
And He can save us from the greatest fire."

"Then heat the furnace hotter," cried the King;
"Yea, make it seven times hotter than before;
And, mighty men, come, bind these captives three,
And cast them where we'll hear their cries no more."

"Ah, foolish King, thou dost not comprehend
The nature of the God who claims their fears;
A thousand years, with him, is but a day,
And yet a day is as a thousand years.

Though thou may'st heat the furnace to its fill,
Still then, oh, puny man, thy boast is vain;
Thou canst not harm the weakest of Christ's sheep
No more than thou canst make the sky drop rain."

With mighty heat, the flames in fury roar,
While men of strength the captives firmly bind;
Oh, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Where will you now a strong deliverer find?

Into the fire they're thrown. The heat, intense,
Doth swallow up the men that cast them there;
But God has sent an angel from above,
To keep the flames from scorching e'en their hair.

Then said the King, on looking in the fire,
"Did not we cast in three, not any more?
But, tell me, what is this my eyes behold?
The fire has burned them not, and lo! here's four."

Oh, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Ye servants of the Mighty One, come here;
A God that doth deliver in this way,
Is great indeed, and worthy of much fear.

Now be it known by me, it is decreed
That all, who of this God amiss, do say,
Destroyed at once, in pieces cut, shall be:
For no one else can save in such a way."

Oh, man, thy mightiest efforts are but vain,
When thou dost try to work against this God;
In heaven, on earth, He holds triumphant sway,
And all things are subservient to his word.

* ✲ *

Departed.

[Lines upon the death of my grandfather, Mr. John Cox, of Rushden, England, who died July 9, 1888, aged 84 years.]

We know that he has gone at last
To that bright land where angels dwell,
To be with God forevermore;
Joy that no mortal tongue can tell.

The God who gave him strength while here
To firmly stand 'gainst Satan's power,
Supplied rich grace for every need,
And helped him on from hour to hour.

Through death's cold wave he felt no sting,
Without a murmur passed away,
To meet his Jesus in that land,
Where all is one bright golden day.

Amongst that heavenly host he stands,
And sings loud praises to his King;
His robes, all white and shining are,
By Jesus' precious blood made clean.

Although our hearts are grieved because
We'll see him never here again,
Still, blessed truth, we know for sure
That our sad loss is his great gain.

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The Christian's Desire.

Shine, Lamb of God, in my poor heart;
Make it from evil things to turn,
Choosing that glorious, better part,
And strongly for thy love to yearn.

So prone to sin each day and hour,
Weak, when the tempter's darts fly thick;
Naught but thy grace, displayed in power,
Can make me to thy precept stick.

Blessings I see on every hand,
And still the fiend, ingratitude,
Creeps in my bosom, there to stand,
Making unthankful thoughts my food.

At times, when all is calm and fair,
Not e'en a wave to break the spell,
Some petty cross, some trifling care,
Will make the breakers surge and swell.

Give me, O Lord, a patient heart,
Where faith and hope and love all dwell;
Nor let me from the right depart,
Then, by thy grace, all will be well.

What is Your Life?

[James iv:14.]

Say, Christian, do you realize the truth,
That life is but a vapor, soon to fade,
That everything this transient world contains
Will soon, e'en at the longest, be decayed?

Art thou a living book, that shows to all
The power of holy grace within thy soul?
With eye of faith, still looking out before,
To heaven, your home, that bright and shining goal.

Press onward, fearing not the taunts of man,
At all times be a bright and radiant light;
Thus showing forth the praises of our God,
Whose arm hath brought thee out from nature's night.

Let every action plainly speak and tell
That you have passed from death to life divine;
Let no vain conversation cross your lips,
But words that bright with heavenly lustre shine.

When you are tempted, which you must expect,
As 'tis the lot of every child to be;
Stand firm, then, with an humble, godly faith;
Resist the devil, and he'll surely flee.

Your pattern? Yes, 'tis Jesus, Son of God,
Though sorely tempted, sin could not defile;
Who lived a life of holiness sublime,
And, when reviled by man, did not revile.

Like him, endure afflictions, murmuring not,
Although its hottest fire your path lies through;
And let your conduct be to every one
As you would have their actions be to you.

Glory to God! You do not have to trust
In man's frail arm to guide each word and deed;
But, to the mercy-seat can boldly come,
And there find grace to help in time of need.

Yes, life, indeed, is short, a vapory spell,
But, then, to you, the thought brings joy, not pain,
For soon your weary soul shall leave this clay,
And soar above with Christ the Lord to reign.

And, careless sinner, how's the case with you?
Methinks 'twill be no joy for thee to know
That life is but a vapor, fading swift,
While death comes nearer as the moments go.

With heart's affection set on worldly things,
You plan and work, unmindful of the fact
That, though you rise up high in worldly fame,
Still, death may seize you in the very act.

Suppose that e'en to night, the call should come,
And his cold hand be laid with force on thee;
How would the matter stand,—oh, let me ask!
With you when launched into eternity?

Oh, may Jehovah, in his grace and might,
Drive deep convicting arrows in your heart,
And lead your soul to find in Christ the Lord,
A Savior, who will never from you part.

Two Prayers.

[Luke xviii.]

Long, long ago, when on this earth,
And in the robe of flesh arrayed,
A parable did Jesus give
Of two that in the temple prayed.

Now hearken to the words they speak,
What wondrous contrast there doth lie;
The one, a speech for worldly show;
The other, 'tis a sinner's cry.

The Pharisee lifts up his voice,
Then with himself proceeds to pray;
And as he seems so very good,
We'll notice what he has to say.

"I thank thee, God, that I am not
Unjust, as many others be,
Extorting what is not their own,
And bathing in adultery.

I thank thee, too, that I'm above
This Publican who stands bowed down;
Twice in the week I surely fast,
And give out tithes of all I own."

While all this show is going on,
What has the Publican to say?
Standing afar, with downcast look,
He turns his face another way.

In anguish deep he smites his breast
(What think you now his words will be?)
While from his heart a plea doth rise:
"Oh, God, be merciful to me."

He feels his weak and sinful frame,
His blackened heart doth plainly see;
Well might he strike his breast and cry,
"Oh, God, be merciful to me."

The humblest Christian, when sincere,
Can pray to God e'en with a groan;
The cry that leaves his heart in faith,
Will never fail to reach the throne.

If these few lines should fall beneath
The gaze of some poor seeking soul,
Who, with a sense of heavy guilt,
Fears he will never reach the goal:

A word of consolation now,
To such an one I fain would speak,
Why linger in your sad estate,
And in the world for comfort seek?

Though you may go from pole to pole,
Still then your search will be in vain;
So, to the feet of Jesus come,
He'll give you pleasure; banish pain.

"Ho, every one that thirsts," saith he,
"Come to the waters," there rejoice;
And he that hath no money, buy;
This heavenly stream is without price.

To weary souls the Savior saith:
"Come unto me, I'll give you rest;
Press forward, then, O burdened one,
For you shall by his grace be blest.

Strive not to bring some flowery theme;
But come, his promise for a plea;
And, with the Publican of old.
Cry, "*God be merciful to me.*"

David and Goliath.

["Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. iv:6.]

Two armies are arrayed in battle garb,
Prepared for strife, each on a mount doth stand.
The one is Saul, with Israel's chosen men;
The other, 'tis the vast Philistine band.

Out from Philistia's host a giant stalks;
Goliath 'tis, of Gath, both strong and great.
For forty days, at morn and eve, he comes,
And Israel's host he sorely doth berate.

Cries he, "Why set your battle in array?
Send down to me a man, that we may fight;
If I am slain, your servants we will be:
But, if he's killed, your service is our right."

When Saul and all his soldiers hear these words,
Their hearts are filled with terror and dismay:
For well they know that not a man is there
Who can remove this giant from the way.

Young David, fair and ruddy, Jesse's son,
To take provision for his brethren, goes
Up to the battle ground, and there doth see
Goliath coming forth from Israel's foes.

Then, God, who seeth not as man doth see,
But worketh out his will through devious ways,
Who, ere all time began, declared the end,
And ruleth everything to his own praise,

Doth put it into David's youthful heart
That he, upheld by God, can slay this foe.
No sword, nor spear, but with a simple sling,
Clothed with Jehovah's strength, he forth doth go.

When this fair youth the giant does espy,
With not a weapon in his hand to wield,
Quoth he, "Come here, your flesh I'll quickly give
To birds of air and beasts that roam the field."

But David, by God's mighty arm sustained,
Goes onward, fearing not his boastful words,
And tells him that, before the day is done,
The earth shall know the battle is the Lord's.

By heavenly guidance, he the stone doth sling:
With deadly force, it strikes the giant's head:
And, in surprise and fear, Philistia groans
Because her trusted champion is dead.

So we our huge Goliaths have to fight:
The greatest one of all is "*Giant Sin;*"
But he, whose trust is placed in God above,
Will, by his grace, in every conflict win.

* ✲ *

Jehovah Jireh.

To Israel's dear children, now scattered abroad,
In love, I would fain speak a comforting word:
Though dark waves of trouble your soul overide,
You have the blest promise, "The Lord will provide."

In every temptation, in trials or grief,
None but our Jehovah can give sweet relief:
Resigned to his purpose, whatever betide,
Let this be our watchword, "The Lord will provide."

Your Hearts are Sad.

[To a sorrowing mother and father upon the death of two of their little ones.]

Your hearts are sad because bereaved
Of darlings held by ties of love;
Your little baby first was called
From this cold world to God above.

Still, death, not satisfied with this,
Snatched yet another from your side;
While in the bloom of youthfulness,
Your darling Gertrude drooped and died.

Our finite minds can't comprehend,
Why God should take the young away;
But He who rules, works for the best,
"His will be done," then let us say.

Your little ones, now free from pain,
Dwell in that land beyond the sky;
'Round the white throne of God above,
They live to never, never die.

Their songs of praise will never cease,
Though years by thousands pass away,
The theme is, "Glory to the Lamb,"
Who changes darkness into day.

Then, parents, wipe away your tears;
I know this trouble causes pain,
But, while you suffer grievous loss,
To them it is eternal gain.

May God, in wisdom and in love,
Bless this affliction to your good,
At all times make you trust in him,
And feed your souls with spiritual food.

The New Jerusalem.

Could we but plainly view the land,
Where saints immortal, dwell for aye;
Sitting enthroned at God's right hand,
In one sweet, everlasting day.

Methinks I sometimes see, through faith,
Those Jasper walls, so bright and grand;
And streets of gold, all pure, sublime,
The Christian's home, fair "Beulah Land."

No sorrow, pain or woe is there,
In heaven, where trouble enters not;
But all is peace, content, and joy,
With naught their happiness to blot.

Such heavenly music! sweet, divine;
(Never a discord there is heard);
Filling each ransomed soul with joy
That cannot be described by word.

Jerusalem, oh happy home,
Thy golden streets I long to tread;
Thy heavenly music long to hear,
And worship at the "Fountain Head."

Sing on, bright angels, never cease,
Fill the vast courts of heaven with praise
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In songs through everlasting days.

Eternity's Council.

In vast eternity, long, long ago.
Ere yet the world was formed from chaos dark;
Before birds, beasts or flowers their being knew,
Or, into man was breathed the kindling spark.

Methinks, in looking back, through faith, I see
A council is in session; not the host
Of angels in it are, but only three;
'Tis God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"What means this council," do I hear you say?
This council held before the world began;
'Tis Great Jehovah giving forth decrees,
Incomprehensible to finite man.

Decrees, which 'though the heavens and earth should fall,
Must be fulfilled in each minutest jot;
For He who rules the whole has sent them forth,
And man, with all his wisdom, hinders not.

Then was it planned that Christ on earth should come:
Make his abode in clay and dwell therein;
For the almighty purpose grand, divine;
To save his people from their every sin.

All that the Father gave Him, they are his;
His sheep they are, and they shall hear his voice;
Shall follow on till death doth set them free,
And then with him forever shall rejoice.

What wondrous love is this! that He, the King
Of life and glory, down from heaven should come,
And suffer pain and death on Calvary's tree,
To fit his children for their heavenly home.

My soul, look inward; see dost thou belong
To this blest family, the Father's choice?
Are theirs thy sorrows, dost thou with them mourn,
And in their every joy dost thou rejoice?

Are earthly things to thee an empty void?
Art thou resigned to God's almighty will?
If so, my soul, sure evidence it is,
That thou a place in heaven's host shall fill.

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The Bible.

Holy Bible! what a treasure!
What a gift from God above!
Full of riches without measure,
Telling of Jehovah's love.

Matchless Light! thy rays do cheer us
On life's dark and dreary road,
Pointing on to heaven, before us,
Where we'll dwell for aye with God.

Holy Comfort! thy sweet pages,
Full of consolations are,
Giving joy, in times of trouble,
To the Christian near and far.

Blessed Guide! thy leaves most radiant,
Fraught with wisdom bright and clear,
Full of kindness, always show us
How to live while tarrying here.

Matchless Light! still shine upon us;
Holy Comfort! stay thou by:
Blessed Guide! oh lead us onward,
Till we reach our home on high.

To my Mother.

[Upon the anniversary of her 48th birthday.]

Dear mother, I would pen a line,
On this, thy natal day;
In praise of him who gave thee life,
And leads thee on thy way.

Full two score years and eight have passed
Since God first gave thee breath;
Though thousands have been called away,
Still you are kept from death.

Though He has caused thy soul to pass,
At times through paths of grief,
The same kind hand that led thee there,
Has always brought relief.

Oh, may that hand, that mighty hand,
Still guide thee on thy way;
And grant thee many bright returns
Of this bright, happy day.

And when the day of death has come—
For old and young must die,
May you, when God shall sweetly call,
Cry, "Master, here am I."

To my Father.

[Upon the anniversary of his 48th birthday.]

I wish you many bright returns
Of this your day of birth;
And may your path all through this world,
Be strewn with flowers of mirth.

Forty and eight long years ago
God first did give you life;
What wondrous care has o'er you watched,
Through sorrow, joy and strife.

On looking back, with wondering gaze,
The past to retrospect;
What safeguards God has round you thrown,
Your being to protect.

How many times, through life's career,
So near to death you've been;
When every human effort failed,
The eye above has seen.

Oh, may your heart, by grace divine,
Be filled with God's rich love;
And know that all your power depends
On him who reigns above.

With such a trust, you'll fear no foe,
And when the monster "death"
Shall come to you, as come he must,
And chill you with his breath;

Then can you say; "Oh, gloomy grave,
Thy victory's gone, I'll sing,
I do not fear thy narrow cell,
Nor, death, thy bitter sting."

Once in Christ—In Christ Forever.

Once in Christ—In Christ forever;
Oh, the glory of the thought!
For we'll ne'er be lost—no, never,
When once by his grace we're bought.

Though at times, our footsteps wander,
And we from his fold, may stray;
Back again He'll surely bring us,
Gently leading all the way.

When we pass through trouble's valley,
And the way before looks dim;
This distress, in love, is sent us,
'Twill but bring us nearer him.

What a Brother! What a Shepherd!
Matchless Savior, glorious Friend!
For we know what'er befall us,
He'll uphold e'en till the end.

When we're called through Jordan's river,
Then the waves shall not o'erflow;
Guided solely by our Jesus,
On to heaven with him we'll go.

Let us raise loud hallelujahs
To his glorious, matchless name;
Swell the song with joy triumphant,
Jesus Christ our King doth reign.

True Happiness.

Tell me the happiest mortal found
In all the human race;
Why, 'tis the God-wrought miracle,
A sinner saved by grace.

Saved by the grace of God alone,
Through Jesus Christ his Son;
Who in him carries on the work
The Father has begun.

Strong in th' almighty strength of God,
His armor girded on;
When Satan tempts him with his wiles,
He bids the fiend begone.

Man's feeble threats he feareth not,
Though snares be round him thrown;
He fears but one, that mighty power,
His God, and him alone.

His hope is not in earthly things,
Full quickly do they fly;
All worldly pleasures empty are,
And in a moment die.

But on to heaven, his home, he looks
With all believing eyes,
To where, when death has set him free,
His soul will surely rise.

His heavenly home! Oh, glorious thought!
A house not made with hands;
But built by workmanship divine,
Eternally it stands.

The dwelling place of all the saints,
Where, when this life is o'er,
With Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We'll rest forevermore.

* ☼ *

Security of the Saints.

[Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—Rom. viii:35.]

While thinking of Jesus, our surety and friend,
In anthems of praise let our voices now blend;
In meek adoration, the goodness we'll tell,
Of him who hath loved us and saved us from hell.

Gave us joy for our sadness, changed night into day,
Drew our fast sinking feet from the deep, miry clay;
On the rock of salvation we now firmly stand,
Upheld by Jehovah's omnipotent hand.

When a poor soul is placed by the Lord on this rock,
He can never be moved by the mightiest shock;
Though devils may rage, he will still hold his place,
Sustained by our Father's compassion and grace.

The hosts of the evil one all may conspire
In their deadliest hatred and venomous ire,
Though their councils they hold in the low depths of hell,
Preserved in Christ Jesus, the saints safely dwell.

Then you who are filled with God's heavenly love,
And know you are born of the Spirit above;
To him who hath saved you loud praises now bring,
And crown him triumphant, your Lord and your King.

A Glorious Invitation.

["Ho, every one that thirsteth," etc.—Isa. lv:1.]

Ho, sin-sick soul, with saddened brow,
O'erpressed with care and grief;
Come to the arms of Jesus' love,
There you will find relief.

Fly to this fount, O thirsty one,
Now opened wide for sin;
For every one that drinketh there,
Shall feel its power within.

Though Satan in his craft may come,
And seek you to beguile,
By saying, "God will never hear
The cries of one so vile."

Heed not his voice; with Jesus plead;
Your prayer he'll not reject;
He waits to answer—oh, what love!
The call of his elect.

And feeling sinful, weak, and vile,
Is but a blessed sign
That you, an heir of heaven are,
Born of the will divine.

It shows that God has, in your heart,
A work of grace begun;
That you were chosen, ere all time,
In Jesus Christ, his Son.

So press thee onward, weary one;
Your Savior says, "Draw near;
I'll give you joy for all your grief,
And banish every fear.

And, when this earthly race is run,
Your ransomed soul shall rest
Forever in that blissful land,
The home of all the blest."

* ✲ *

Great Faith.

["And behold a woman of Canaan.—Matt. xv. 22.]

A woman of Canaan did earnestly beg
For Jesus, the Savior, her daughter to heal;
"Oh, Lord, Son of David, have mercy on me,"
Was her sweetly confiding and humble appeal.

He replied not a word, but still she kept on—
Oh, the faith that she had, more than mortal can tell;
The disciples besought him to send her away,
When again at his feet to worship she fell.

"Lord, help me," she cried, but he answered and said,
"The bread of the children to take, 'tis not meet;
And cast to the dogs." Yet hear her reply,
"Truth, Lord, but the dogs, of the fallen crumbs, eat."

Said Christ to the woman, "So great is thy faith,
Be it unto thee as thou hast asked even now;
And her daughter was healed from that very same hour,
E'en while at the feet of her Lord she did bow.

Oh, God! for that glorious faith do we pray.
Like the woman of Canaan to trust in thy power;
With the knowledge that Jesus forever will be,
Our Rock of defense, every minute and hour.

Heirs of God.

["Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ."—Rom. viii:17.]

A child of God! how grand the name,
Called by Jehovah through his love,
Bought with the precious blood of him
Who came to save us, from above.

Who left his heavenly, kingly throne,
And made his dwelling place with man,
Working the will of Almighty God,
After his everlasting plan.

Now, heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ,
To that blest home beyond the skies,
Where, when this weary life is o'er,
Our souls will unmolested rise.

We who are drawn with cords of love,
By God the Father to his Son,
Should never tire of giving praise
To that blest union, "Three in One."

Why did he choose us? 'Twas because
His love for us did so abound,
Not for the goodness in us, for
No good in creature can be found.

Then, children of the living God,
Let your light shine o'er sea and land,
Your membership at all times show
With Christ's own church, the heavenly band.

The Pilgrim's Story.

Say, lonely, weary pilgrim, o'erwhelmed with care and trouble,
Whence dost thou hail, and whither art thou bound?
Methinks thy heavy burden would almost bend thee double.
And yet thou trudgest onward without a murmuring sound.

All through life's gloomy valley, I note thy face is cheerful,
Though foes may seek to harm thee, and friends may flee away;
Oh, what can be the reason thou smilest through such sadness?
Please tell me, weary pilgrim; oh, tell me now, I pray!

ANSWER.

Oh, friend, 'twill give me pleasure, while plodding on my journey,
To talk awhile of Jesus, his love so full and free.
He, out of gloomy darkness, to glorious light has brought me;
It is the old, old story; I'll tell it now to thee.

I once did grope in darkness; all out before was gloomy,
My hopes, my aims, were worldly, and transient were my joys;
Like you, I stood and wondered that pilgrims on their journey,
Could find no theme to charm them in earth's most beauteous toys.

When, all at once, a change, a sudden change, came o'er me;
I felt that life, with all its joys, was but an empty charm;
That every carnal pleasure, though splendid in appearance,
If followed on, e'en until death, would bring me naught but harm.

Then Jesus, in his mercy, came down and softly whispered;
He told me,—oh, the rapturous thought!—that he for me had died;
That he on Calvary's mountain, great agony did suffer,
To save from dreadful torment, his chosen ones, his Bride.

For these he bled and suffered—all that the Father gave him
In councils of eternity, before the world began;
'Twas then the plan was molded—oh, glorious consolation!
The plan for the redemption of fallen, sinful man.

Oh, may you sweetly realize that you are of the ransomed;
That God above doth love you, and feel your every care,
That in the Book of Heaven, your name is surely written;
Oh, may you feel you're one of his, is now my earnest prayer.

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